Out of Politics *Moshe Dayan*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 11, 1976, 60 cents

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from Washington ®
September 11, 1976

Listen to Fritz

The most chilling recent book about American democracy is *The Twilight of the Presidency* by George Reedy, Lyndon Johnson's former assistant, who calmly suggests that in a generation or two we will have a Man of Destiny in Washington keeping down crime, disciplining Labor, disregarding Congress and making the space ships run on time.

Now comes an outline of how to prevent this from happening, starting from the same agonized assumption that unless something is done right away we are going to forget the lessons of Vietnam, Nixon and Watergate and there may be no second warning.

Above all, the remarkable book says, Congress must be strengthened to confront the Executive; it is written by—guess who—a man running for the second highest elective office of the land, Senator Walter F. Mondale.

The book is called *The Accountability of Power: Toward a Responsible Presidency* (McKay, $12.50) and was apparently wrung from the senator just after he dropped his own presidential bid, November 21, 1974, and before he was tapped for the vice presidency, July 15, at Madison Square Garden. Set down in simple and straightforward style in what must have been a trauma of soul-searching, it gives the most clear-cut view of specific executive-legislative problems of any book by a candidate since Woodrow Wilson.

It is a book, also, that most probably insures embarrassment for Mondale if he becomes Vice President; a post which, history shows, is much like that of a paralyzed grasshopper wrapped into a cocoon by a voracious spider and sucked dry at leisure, like Nelson Rockefeller and Hubert Humphrey. For Mondale sets out to tell us what the public should find out about a presidential candidate, what it should demand to know from him, and how he should behave to Congress, if he gets elected.

He is also telling how Congress should behave to the next President; he is agonizingly certain that it must redeem itself—recapture the power that the Founding Fathers bestowed on it which it has since fecklessly dissipated. The irony is, of course, that he asks Congress to check the Executive just when he is trying to leave Congress and join the Executive. It's as great a switch as if George Meany joined Exxon.

Mondale's outline of what we should know about a presidential candidate comes just when millions are finally settling down to make up their minds on Jimmy Carter. Yes, he says, writing a year ago, there must be debates: "We deserve a virtual guarantee that the American people will see the candidates confronting each other over a period of two months with regularity and, hopefully, in some depth." He wasn't thinking of Gov. Carter when he wrote that, he was thinking of the 1972 debates-less campaign and the merchandising of the invisible Nixon.

The institution that betrayed Congress, Mondale says, is Congress. It let Nixon get away with murder. (Real murder, maybe, against hostile government heads through the CIA.) The Founding Fathers gave Congress the power to approve treaties; Congress tamely accepted the substitute of "executive agreements" that don't require approval.

They gave Congress the power to confirm appointments but instead of insisting that cabinet officials (confirmable) be in charge, Congress let Nixon set up a shadow government under Ehrlichman—the Domestic Council, the Office of Management and Budget—that was not conformable. (When Mondale attempted to cut appropriations of the Domestic Council by two-thirds in 1973 his colleagues voted him down overwhelmingly, he recalls.)

The Fathers gave Congress the power to declare war. Nixon made secret war in Cambodia. Only at long last did Congress vote the War Powers Act.

Above all the Founders gave Congress the power of the purse. Mondale's discussion in the chapter "The Decline of Congressional Power" is the most succinct statement of the matter by an insider that I know. Where was Congress when Nixon impounded funds which, at one point, reached over 20 percent of the controllable sector of the domestic budget? The audacity of Nixon in retrospect seems incredible. He invoked the doctrine of executive privilege 29 times in early 1973 (at a time when he was creating a wave of $20 billion of impoundments) and although the Supreme Court finally made him reveal the damning tapes, it did so only after recognizing the doctrine of executive privilege for the first time.

Will Jimmy, if elected, listen to Fritz? Nobody knows; but at least he has chosen Fritz from all the others as his running mate, and the blueprint for executive-legislative relations is there.

Fritz, for example, wants more "legislative vetoes," the trick of attaching conditions to presidential authorizations requiring later legislative review. It is a curb on the President. "We simply must use this device more frequently," he says. Will Jimmy agree?

He says Congress must perfect its own budget as a counterpart to the presidential budget. Will Jimmy go along?

He is angered by Congress' blackout on TV: "I am so convinced of the seriousness of this risk (presidential nomination) that I have changed my mind and now believe that licenses granted by the FCC should be for periods which in most cases exceed the terms of an incumbent administration." How will Jimmy feel?

One thing Mondale particularly hankers for. Let's get some power back into the cabinet: "I believe we need a question-and-report period along the lines of parliamentary practice," he says. He has sponsored legislation for that purpose. It might produce stronger cabinets. "I recently watched a question period during a session of the Canadian Parliament," he says, "and came away even more convinced of the validity of the process." What would President Carter think about that?

He is refreshingly frank. He attacks the Ford pardon of Nixon again. He calls the present primary system "absolutely incredible." A single, six-year presidential term?—"We should no more remove our Presidents from the basic check of reelection than we should allow them to appoint their successors" he says.

As to the main point, it's clear: There's a "dangerous presidential ascendancy," says this vice presidential candidate. Time is short.

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Che Chen-ming's China Lobby

There's a "China Lobby" in America today, and it's not the one that worked full-time for Chiang Kai-shek. While there are still remnants of that one around, these days it's largely a nostalgic enterprise under the patronage of the widows Chennault and Chiang. The latter is now visiting the US, but she will not be attracting much attention—about as much, in fact, as would a visit by Queen Frederika. It's a relief that the Chiang loyalists are reduced to reunions: they've made enough ugly history, in China and in this country, to merit everybody's indifference.

The new China lobby does not, as the old one did, wear the recognizable face of reaction. It speaks for benign aims in international affairs: amity between nations (with compelling urgency in the case of Sino-American relations since the states involved are great powers) and expanded trade. Undeniably, there is much to be claimed for the fruits of our rapprochement with Peking. Common sense was the first victor: we were no longer implicated in the preposterous fiction that the Kuomintang, on its island refuge in the province of Taiwan, incarnated the 21 other provinces of China, which were represented by a bizarre inversion of the "rotten borough" system, *i.e.*, a live populace and dead parliamentarians. After the destruction of the Second Temple, a Jewish heresy had it that God had gone into exile. After 1949, Chiang's orthodoxy had it that his government was still rightly established and it was as if its people were in exile.

Not simply logic benefited from the Nixon-Kissinger opening to the East. In recent weeks, for example, the Chinese seem to have played a constructive role in pacifying the troubled frontier between North and South Korea, the ideological no-man's land that separates the two crazed tyrants on both sides of the line. The Chinese tie with the US has probably also deflected the Soviets from all kinds of mischief, and not only on the Manchurian border. Apparently Chairman Mao's associates were willing to team up with Kissinger in trying to frustrate Russian designs in Africa. The Secretary had urged them to do that, and for their own reasons they were willing; it was he who couldn't produce, not they who wouldn't.

The Chinese-American *status quo* seems to be mutually satisfactory, on balance no less to Peking than to Washington. Why, then, the sudden pressure to enhance it, to transcend it? The next stage is

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characterized as the "normalization" of relations and, in formal terms, this would entail upgrading to embassies the liaison offices in the two country's capitals. If we fully recognize the Chinese at the UN in New York why then not along Washington's Embassy Row? The US would be willing to go along with that. It's the Chinese who won't play; and the impediment, they say, is that we maintain diplomatic relations with the government on Taiwan which still purports to be the government of China. It's not just recognition, though, that sticks in their craw. Since 1954, there's been a treaty between the US and the regime self-installed in Taipei; this agreement, one of John Foster Dulles' more defensible arrangements, pledges us to protect Taiwan against forcible takeover. It's not clear that forcible takeover is precisely what the Communists on the mainland have in mind for Taiwan, but it is clear that they see the island as an organic part of China—like Hawaii to the US, but with a consciousness that goes back centuries. Of late they have been making sounds about liberating the "severed" province because we don't seem inclined on our own initiative to facilitate its being "reunited." Our initiative would mean withdrawing recognition and renouncing the defense pact.

It may be that these belligerent noises are intended to prod us along into fulfilling the operative aspect of Richard Nixon's acknowledgement that " . . . all Chinese on either side of the Taiwan Strait maintain there is but one China and that Taiwan is a part of China." The KMT may yet go to its hanging on rope it provided: if Chiang and Mao agreed on nothing else, they agreed on this slippery proposition. For one, the notion sustained languishing hopes; for the other, it added a nationalist element to ideological drives—with greater justice, surely, than did the rapacious absorption of Tibet. In a brilliant article on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* (Aug. 28, 1975), Michael Reisman of Yale (who is no reflexive anti-Communist) has argued that the Nixon communiqué really amounts to a cruel piece of sleight-of-hand. "More than 80 percent of the people on Taiwan's side of the strait are Taiwanese: evidence indicates they neither saw themselves as nor wanted to be a part of China."

Into the breach leaps the China lobby—an unwieldy, dissimilar cohort of politicians, diplomats, journalists, a high CIA functionary, academics, businessmen. For the moment, the official schizophrenia of the Republican party inhibits the realization of this Nixon doctrine. The Democrats have in convention vowed to pursue "early movement toward normalizing." That is a squeamish rendering of the possible consequences for the Taiwanese. The Secretary of State, who is not inordinately sensitive to the destiny of small peoples, (as the Kurds and Cambodians know) would no doubt want to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of his diplomatic master plan before being retired from office, but—not unreasonably—he wants the US to get something for this particular dotting and crossing. Press sages, seeing him under siege from the Reaganite *ultramontane,* demand to know, from the other side, why the abnormal has not yet been normalized, "normal" being the preferable condition. The Chinese are retarding scientific and intellectual exchange, they taunt, so give them a little more—as if the exchanges were even remotely symmetrical or as important as the human stakes. Many diplomatic figures, including prominent ones now in the bull pen, want things tidied up, and the Taiwan bond is untidy. The Sinologists, for whom China is the big picture and Formosa something less, argue from history, which pays little account to sentiment; in history, conveniently, people are objects more than they are subjects, a truism that may not validate the claim from the mainland but certainly detracts from the claim made on behalf of the island. From these academic and policy analysts, then, come suggestions for tacit understandings, explicitly arrived at or *vice versa:* in either case, withdrawal of recognition, renunciation of the treaty, removal of troops and bases, accession to mainland sovereignty, while maintaining the essence of the present situation of a separate and autonomous government on Taiwan. This presumably would be guaranteed by a wink and a nod, and the threat of a scowl. Can America really be committed to an entity that does not exist? Should it be? Is it imaginable in the current circumstances of American politics, after Vietnam? Would so vague a commitment be credible at all? Would it be an executive agreement or a congressional declaration? Also proposed are Hong Kong analogies, condominium arrangements, federal associations, and models of the Japanese-Taiwan relation (trade without politics). Some more, some less plausible—and nothing holds for more than the moment.

These hypothetical options are mostly posited by people with scruples, not eager to offer Taiwan up to a tyranny however revolutionary or successful. Others grasp at one or another formula as a best hope or, worse, as a cynical maneuver. Shorn of the concern for the people of Taiwan, a populace numbering—Professor Reisman reminds us—at least as many people as inhabit two thirds of the states in the UN, their arguments are couched in terms of strategic gains for the US. But no one can pretend that anything politically concrete is won by removing ourselves from the defense of Taiwan. What we are promised instead is influence or leverage to keep the Chinese from returning to the Russian embrace. It is hard to see why the impact of even so historic an abnegating move would have long-lasting effect on the vagaries of intra-Chinese and intra-Communist politics. By way of contrast, it is easy to see that it might have a catastrophically demoralizing impact on Japanese society, strengthening at once the traditional militarist right and the insurgent left.

Ours being a capitalist society, the crucial argument

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for "normalization" may well come, (in the ironic way that Joseph Schumpeter expected such developments would) from hungry business. What is likely to keep the Republicans locked into détente with the hated Russians, in the end, is not anxiety about atomic war or resentment over wasteful military spending, but the prospect of higher grain prices for farmers and new markets for Pepsi Cola. Christopher H. Phillips, president of the National Council for US-China Trade and recently returned from a trip to Peking, has brought back the message: no recognition, declining trade. It's vivid enough to break the hearts of the chief executive officers of the *Fortune* 500. Declining commerce may reflect other factors in China, however, like an unfavorable hard-currency balance. Has China's foreign trade with other advanced countries not also fallen? It has. For the moment, nevertheless, we are urged to believe that a different diplomacy will make for more profits, and it might. But those who tote up the advantages accruable to the United States from carrying the normalization process to its finale seem almost oblivious to the present dependence of the Chinese on us, as a buffer against the Russians and as a source of technology and industrial know-how. This double dependence is not likely to be reduced in the forseeable future, and our abjuring Taiwan will not extend or deepen it. Moreover, should Peking again be allied with Moscow, an American friend in Taiwan would be worth having. If anybody needs to sweeten the deal just now it should be the Chinese.

The most respected American China scholar, John K. Fairbank, who thinks that mainland sovereignty and Taipei autonomy may not be incompatible, has written (*TNR*, March 1, 1975), "If the end of the security treaty meant turning Taiwan over to Peking's leveling control, many would brand it a major crime even for the 20th century." Ending the security treaty, then, is a calculated risk, not nearly so much for us as it is for the Taiwanese. Or to put it another way, it would be our calculation and their risk. Sadly, the people of Taiwan do not seem to count for much in these discussions. Tutelage has been their inheritance, during the first half of this century under the Japanese, since then under the dictatorship imposed by Chiang's retreating government. It is the old one-party apparatus that rules, with Chiang's son now at its helm; but the future of the island will be what the Taiwanese are allowed to make of it.

They are a talented and innovative people; their achievements in industry and agriculture do not pale beside any in the third world. As arbitrary as the present dictatorship is, the Taiwanese have, in fact, established the preconditions for a free and more decent society. The American presence on the island and our protective umbrella over it might allow the Taiwanese to succeed in building such a society, either through a transformed Kuomintang or against it. Perhaps our perception that the people of Taiwan do not want to be absorbed into China is false; perhaps they do not want to pursue life and work as they have. It's just possible that, despite all contrary evidence, they even want reunion with China. Their desires could be ascertained by plebiscite and referendum. But it is not for us to seal the fate of the Taiwanese, and of the mainland Chinese on Taiwan, in a bilateral negotiation with Peking over the status of diplomatic representation. It's just such callousness that makes small countries aspire to big bombs.

The Toronto Globe and Mail on August 26 carried a direct translation of an article from the Peking *People's Daily* of the day before. It's an illuminating tale, here quoted in full:

China Hails Man Who Saved Boss, Let Children Die

Peking—Right after the strong earthquake, Che Chen-ming, member of the Standing Committee of the Municipal Committee and vice director of the Production Headquarters, had just escaped from his collapsed house and got out of danger when he heard his son, 16, and his daughter, 13, calling from under the debris. "Father, come quickly, save me."

As he was about to rush to the aid of his children, Che Chen-ming suddenly heard a shout for help from Chiu Kuang-yu, party secretary of Lupei District, and his family, who were on the other side of a wall. The earth was still shaking. Time meant life. At this most crucial moment what should a Communist do? Che Che-ming determinedly said to his wife: "First I'm going to save Chiu."

After Chiu Kuang-yu and his family escaped from danger, he immediately asked: "How about your children?" Che Chen-ming replied, "Don't worry about them. You are the district secretary. Hurry up and organize the whole district to carry out rescue work."

When Che Chen-ming returned to his home his two children were dead. He had no regrets nor did he grieve or lose heart. For the people of the entire district and for the interests of the majority, he did not balk at sacrificing his own children.

This was the noble ideological world of Che Chen-ming, a Communist Party member who was promoted to a leading post during the Cultural Revolution.

Chinese sovereignty over Taiwan would not merely be another political order, more or less capricious or authoritarian. It could imply what Communist rule intends: a revolution in values, the creation of a new personality. This is the significance of Che Chen-ming's painless choice. But we should hesitate and ponder before we allow, by our own deeds, men such as Che Chen-ming to be imposed as the ego ideal of a society that seems to want to live by other canons and has counted on us to help it do so.

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Traveling in Packs

We'd like to think it's the influence of *The New Republic*'s editorial in the last issue that persuaded US Steel to rescind its 4.5 percent price increase scheduled for October 1. What happened, in fact, was that Armco Steel, one of its competitors, deferred the increase for three months, and the rest was predictable. First the giant caved in; then Bethlehem and Inland Steel quickly did too. Everybody will be buying steel at the old price at least into 1977. It will be interesting to see how the steel companies fare during the last quarter in the profit department, particularly since they all insisted that the hike was absolutely necessary; in fact, they continued to insist it was, even while rolling the price back. If the price freeze was a triumph for the competitive market, it was a sorry show for President Ford, who demonstrated how meekly he would lie down for big business. No surprise there at all.

We have now to hear from the auto companies who complained about the new steel prices, and promptly upped their own to compensate. Will they now cut prices to account for reduced costs, as appliance manufactures have? They might, if just one of them breaks from the pack or if the President speaks up for the consumer.

Living Dangerously In New York

The first night I spent in New York, after nine years away, my host showed me his favorite view of the Manhattan skyline. He didn't take me to the World Trade Center. Instead, at midnight, he plunged into the darkness of Central Park. The view of the shining skyscrapers rising above the silhouetted trees was spectacular, but I couldn't enjoy it; I was scared, more afraid for my life than I ever had been when an incoming mortar disrupted a Saigon dinner party, or my hotel in Amman was rocketed. I insisted we leave immediately, before we were robbed, raped, mugged, stabbed, strangled or worse.

"You can approach New York in two ways," my friend replied. "You can live your life. Or you can let fear live it for you."

Upward of ten million visitors are coming to New York this summer. Sadly, many visitors arrive with more fear than extra film. Many New Yorkers too let fear lead their lives for them. I know war correspondents who will not take the subways after 9 pm, and couples who will not venture out of the white ghetto of the East 60s after sunset. I am acquainted with families who pay $3500 more a year in rent to live in the East 90s than the West 90s—and who still live in fear of a $500 burglary, in spite of their uniformed doormen, double locks and TV-monitored hallways. And I know no one who will go with me to Harlem tonight.

Why did I want to go to Harlem anyway? Following my midnight visit to Central Park I decided the advice was right. I should not let fear run my life. The next day I found myself sitting next to a black man on the subway—and he was not one of your Ralph Bunche types. Rhinestone stud in the left ear lobe. Red patent leather platform shoes. He was humming the fourth Brandenburg concerto. I asked him why. He was an organist, he explained. Next Sunday night his choir was performing the St. Matthew Passion. If I met him on 125th Street, he suggested, he would take me to his church.

Friends initially feared for my life, then despaired of my sanity. But that evening in Harlem was more than a memorable musical experience. It was a liberation. Now—from Morningside Heights and Spanish Harlem to Hell's Kitchen and the Arab quarter of Brooklyn—I go where chance and opportunity lead me. I have seen many beautiful things and many ugly things, and no harm has come to me. The New York crime rate, in fact, is lower than in Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and Los Angeles. Among seven million New Yorkers, and millions of visitors last year, just over 50 people were killed by strangers. (Most homicides are committed by friends and relatives.) One is more likely to be killed in New York in a traffic accident than by some figure lurking in a darkened doorway, more likely to burn oneself in the kitchen than to be mugged. Yet New York literally is a city where, for millions of people, both visitors and residents, fear of physical violence is a major fact of daily life.

For tourist and New Yorker alike, I prescribe the same therapy. Forget about fear. Go where you would never dream of going, at hours you would never think of going there. One need not always greet the dawn in the manner of a *New Yorker* cartoon, in a horse-drawn carriage. Try walking across the Brooklyn Bridge while the lights still shine on the East River. Then watch the sunrise from the Brooklyn Heights promenade, reflected in the skyscrapers of Wall Street. Hear Bach in Harlem, as well as at Carnegie Hall. And take public transportation wherever you go, even late at night. Indeed, by now, if I showed a newcomer my favorite view of New York it would not be the World Trade Center, or Central Park either. I would take him or her for a New York subway ride any time except during rush hours, but preferably at 2 am. I would show my visitor the abstract graffiti, never obscene, sometimes now exhibited in art galleries, with which anonymous ids assert their identities in public places. Perhaps we would hear, as I once did, the 14th Street station ring with Pentecostal hymns, sung in Latin by a congregation on the way to a sunrise service. In months of riding New York subways at hours when others feel they

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must take taxis to be safe, I have seen men and women reading Bibles. I have seen a man wearing a green polo shirt—with $5000 in red rubies and sapphires on it. I have been offered a whiff of cocaine and half a hot pastrami sandwich and seen men dressed as women and observed animated conversations among deaf mutes. I have met many policemen, and no criminals.

Madmen, of course, one does see—those people who arouse so many fears in others that they themselves must be locked up. My favorite was an elderly, slight man, physically harmless. Late one night he walked up to another passenger, and said in a loud voice: "Get off this train at the next stop." He elaborated: "Nobody's allowed on this train who looks like Hubert Humphrey." The other passenger, twice his size and half his age, bolted at the next station as though he had been threatened by a six-footer with a switchblade. The madman winked, and then explained: "In this town you've to give the public what it expects."

At 4:15 am, at the West 72nd Street station, the bars have closed and the subway platform is crowded, among others, by a black in whiteface, and a man carrying three deep-sea fishing rods and a ten-pound mackerel. The poster advertising Off Track Betting is obscured by the distillate of the American experiment that began with the Founding Fathers, which still pushes upstream against the current, like OPSAIL, beyond Indochina and Watergate, toward the George Washington Bridge. "Like it or leave it," suggests one graffito. "Revolution now," demands another. "Kill all Jews." "Niggers Out." "Get Whitey." "Viva Puerto Rico Libre." "Let the Welfare Chiselers Starve." And in the lower right-hand corner, written with a diffident little pencil: "Lucky are the loved."

To visit New York is like living there in one essential respect. Whether it is for a day or lifetime, it is never an exercise in getting away from it all. The package tours to the Caribbean, like the split-levels, cater to that, to the urge to keep the mad and the poor and the racially and culturally different from one's sight. In New York that is impossible. The human condition is always there, no matter how many taxis you take, no matter how many locks you buy. And that may be the real reason New York scares people, what makes them pay more for their electronic alarm system than for their living room furniture. But that is also what makes the tall ships, their masts rivalling the skyscrapers, billow up the Hudson. It is what beckons Jimmy Carter to Madison Square Garden and Muhammad Ali to Yankee Stadium. It is what fills the boats of the Circle Line with craning tourists all summer long no matter how insufferably hot it gets—and what makes New York the most magnetic city in the world.

T.D. Allman

Mr. Allman is Edward R. Murrow Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.

Terry and The Pirates

Terry Watts believes in public service. As one who works in northeast Washington, DC, Watts knows that his neighbors, mostly low-income blacks, rarely visit a doctor until they get very sick. As a licensed pharmacist, he knows that a significant percentage of his neighbors are suffering from hypertension and do not know it. Many of these people will not learn of their condition until it is too late; that is, until they are well on their way to premature death by heart attack, stroke or kidney failure.

The government estimates that one out of every seven American adults has high blood pressure, and the prestigious National Heart and Lung Institute Advisory Council stated in 1975 that because hypertension is not accompanied by symptoms in its mild and moderate states, half of those stricken are unaware of their condition unless they are tested, while another 25 percent were once aware but now must be reidentified for treatment. Blood pressure testing, a very straightforward procedure, is the only simple means of detecting the disease before it causes irreversible damage to body organs.

Terry Watts knows all of this and has decided to do something about it. He and the other pharmacists in his store have let it be known that they will administer a blood pressure test to anyone who comes in and will do it free of charge. If the reading indicates an abnormal blood pressure, Watts advises the person to see a doctor. (Watts, like most pharmacists, received training in blood pressure testing before being licensed.) Many persons have been tested by Watts and his colleagues, perhaps mindful of the advertisements on television warning "If you're black, the odds are one in four you're dying from high blood pressure." What neither Watts nor his customers realized, however, is that by administering the tests, Watts is committing a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment. In the District of Columbia, and in New York and a number of other states as well, the taking of blood pressure may be done only under the direction and supervision of a physician. So Watts and many others find this prohibition rather perplexing. He points out that there is a serious shortage of doctors in ghettos like northeast Washington. "I'm trying to assist doctors," Watts says. "I look at it as taking a load off the physicians so that

COMING:
Rumor and Crisis—
The Fate of CUNY

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they can help the truly sick. And we don't even charge for the test." Dr. Joseph Mancini, a family practitioner at the nearby Northeast-Georgetown Medical Center, agrees. "I think it's very advantageous for our patients that Watts is giving blood pressure tests," he says. "Our clinic is usually busy and it is difficult and time-consuming for patients to make an appointment just to have their blood pressure measured. A lot of our patients are hypertensives, so it's reassuring to know that Watts is in his store, able to give the test. His readings and ours have matched. It's worked out very well." Dr. Robert Levy, head of the National Heart and Lung Institute, notes that hypertension is easily measured and that trained pharmacists are fully qualified to administer tests. Indeed, the Institute's Advisory Council has urged pharmacists be permitted to do so.

State medical societies and licensing boards, however, tend to take a dim view of lay people intruding onto their turf, even when the intruders are acting *pro bono publico*. In 1974 the California Board of Medical Examiners ruled that pharmacists who took blood pressure tests of others and advised those with abnormal readings to see a doctor were violating the state's Medical Practice Act. That same year, New Jersey's medical licensing board made a similar ruling. When the pharmacists' organization threatened to sue the New Jersey board, however, the board reconsidered. Pharmacists will not be deemed to be practicing medicine, it turns out, so long as they do so only occasionally and at a financial loss. Striking a decisive blow for the public weal, the medical board now permits pharmacists to take blood pressure tests only during National High Blood Pressure Month (May, for those readers who do not already celebrate it) and then only if they do it free. The New Jersey pharmacists, for their part, are still savoring the sweet taste of victory and have decided for now not to sue the doctors. "We feel that a nonantagonistic approach is more constructive and faster in the long run," explains their association's spokesman.

While this urgent issue of public health is being resolved by negotiations between the doctors and the pharmacists, the general public is conspicuously absent from the bargaining table. As with so many other issues of professional behavior, the question of what constitutes the practice of a profession (in this case, medicine) is determined ulitimately by the profession itself. In fact and in law, the profession is defining the scope of its own monopoly. In doing so it is wholly immune from challenge under the antitrust laws, which would clearly render illegal any effort by business firms to divide up a market in a similar way.

The power to define the scope of one's monopoly and to employ the criminal sanctions of the state to enforce that monopoly is one of the hallmarks of professional status. It is a power that is particularly susceptible to abuse , for it is usually delegated to boards composed entirely of members of that profession, which act with little or no public visibility or accountability. This practice, which exists in most states, has recently been challenged by the Consumers Union on constitutional grounds.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the professions have often used their legal power to restrict membership and to prevent lay competitors from providing certain "professional" services in innovative, lower-cost ways. The medical profession's early hostility to prepaid group plans (culminating in a criminal prosecution brought by the Justice Department), the dental profession's continuing reluctance to permit trained auxiliaries to perform many tasks traditionally but needlessly reserved for dentists, and the legal profession's opposition to group legal services and its effort to monopolize services that could be performed by bankers, accountants and other lay people at lower cost—all attest to the energy with which the professions have tried to exploit their power, often with great success.

The process continues. Just this August, the Medical Society of the State of New York rolled out its guns to oppose a bill pending in the state legislature that would permit pharmacists to administer blood pressure tests at a maximum charge of one dollar. Inveighing against the bill, Dr. Henry Fineberg, executive vice-president of the group, suggested that pharmacists, unlike doctors, are "business people" and that they ought to stick to their profession. "Soon they'll be selling cars," he added. Terry Watts smiles at this. "I may have to, if they close me down for taking blood pressure tests."

Peter Schuck

Mr. Schuck, a lawyer, directs the Consumers Union office in Washington.

Out of Politics

After seven years in the Defense Ministry, I returned to civilian life. The nights were undisturbed by the telephone, and there was no dashing to the office in the morning. I spent my first free day out of government at Nahal Beersheba, a wadi in the Negev desert. That year we had enjoyed a very wet winter. I remembered the rains pouring down the slopes of the Hebron hills, streaming southward and producing flash floods in the desert wadis. The waters rushing through these normally dry river beds and overflowing their banks soften the sides of the gullies and cause great chunks of earth to crumble. So I went south.

It was now early summer. The water had vanished, but not its impact. I drove along the edge of the winding Beersheba wadi, and at one of the bends I saw what I had hoped to find. Glinting in the sunlight were several

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white stones embedded in the middle of the north wall of the gully. They were oddly out of place.

Six thousand years ago, this area was inhabited by people who existed by hunting and pasture. They lived in caves burrowed in the hillside, with narrow openings to make them easier to defend. The interior of the cave would be broad and comparatively high. A strip of floor skirting the walls would be paved with stones, usually smooth pebbles taken from the gully, to serve, probably with a covering of animal skins, as sleeping pallets.

Year after year, for thousands of years, the flash floods burst through the wadis, tearing at the slopes in a frenzy of erosion. What had once been the center of a hill, a haven for the cave dwellers of ages past, had now become the wall of a river bed, its stones curiously exposed and out of place—the stones that had caught my eye.

I attached a rope to the bumper of my jeep and clambered over the side, letting myself down the steep cliff toward the white stones. At first I had difficulty finding a hold for my toes, but after swinging and scrambling around I detected a soft stratum, a mixture of earth and ashes. It proved to be part of the floor of a cave. I crawled inside and started exploring. In one corner I noticed a depression in the ground surrounded by small rocks. This was the hearth, its fires used for cooking, for warmth, and for lighting the dwelling. Scattered among the ashes which covered the floor were potsherds, part of a milk churn, a cup, and the bottom section of a soot-laden cooking pot. Beneath the ashes, on the surface of the floor itself, were flint objects, mostly broken blades. I also found an ax head with an oblique edge fashioned from a large pebble. The inhabitants must have taken the rest of their vessels and implements with them when they left the cave, driven out by drought or by enemies, and wandered to another territory.

As I tried to learn more about this ancient cave community and recapture their daily pattern of living, the quiet within was occasionally shattered by the ultra-modern sounds of jet fighters roaring overhead. I examined the animal bones left over from their last meal, saw the fingerprints of the potters on the vessels they had molded. These cave dwellers had lived here some two thousand years before our Patriarch Abraham. They could neither read nor write, but they occasionally drew and painted on rock and stone and decorated their pottery with deep-red stripes. This was their home, the center of their lives. From here they would go out to hunt in the Negev and in the Sinai desert, and they were familiar with every wadi, every hill, every fold in the ground. This was their land, their birthplace, and they must have loved it. When they were attacked, they fought for it. And now here was I, at the end of a rope, having crawled through an opening in a cliff side across their threshold and inside their home. It was an extraordinary sensation. I crouched by the ancient hearth. It was as though the fire had only just died down, and I did not need to close my eyes to conjure up the woman of the house bending over to spark its embers into flame as she prepared the meal for her family. My family.

Moshe Dayan

This is excerpted from Moshe Dayan's forthcoming autobiography, Story of My Life (*William Morrow*) ©Moshe Dayan.

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Washington Law, Kentucky Coal

Washington, DC, where the future of coal mine safety depends on Senate bill 1302,is not far from Pike County, the largest producer of coal in eastern Kentucky. The flight into Charleston, West Virginia takes only an hour; the drive from Charleston to Pikeville, the county seat of Pike County, only three hours more. The highway is cut through rock. Wherever you look, you see the black tracings of coal. The earth talks of violence.

There is no loveliness in the scrub growth on the hills. That went in the late 19th century with the cutting of the forests to timber the mines. There is no loveliness in the outcroppings of rock. That went with the advent of stripmining. There is no loveliness in the abandoned shafts, the rusting machinery, the junked cars. All that is what's left of the cycle of modest boom to disasterous bust, the playing out of the mines.

The outskirts of Pikeville aren't lovely either. The cars and restaurants and neon signs are evidence of a new prosperity.

In 1974, rising oil prices pushed coal profits skyhigh. In London, Kentucky, James R. Durham (J.R.) caught the peak. He got out of high school at 18. At 19, in an area where the per capita income is half the national average, he had two or three Cadillacs, two or three Lincolns, four or five pickups. He paid for them by hauling, buying and selling coal. Today, J.R. is 20, and faces a conviction for armed robbery and $200,000 in debts. A wild rise, a wild fall. But he's still got the bravado:"I'm just going to do more than I've ever done before. I'm going to be stronger in '76 than I ever was in '75. There's no doubt in my mind."

Claude Canada is 57. J.R. is a small-timer next to him. A third-grade dropout, Canada made a million in 1955 and lost it in two years, made a second million and lost it again, and came back to Kentucky in 1969 with $10,000. He used the money to sublease a coal seam; today he figures his wealth at $100 million. He has eight or so Rolls Royces, and discusses casually his two-million dollar house, his $2000 suits, his $500 shoes, his Mercedes, his Cadillac limousine, his 1915 Sexton. . . 1974 was a good year for the Pike County millionaires; their numbers increased to between 40 and 100—more millionaires per capita, they say, than any county in the country.

The ostentation says nothing of lasting power. J.R. and Claude Canada are barometers; their fortunes rise and fall with those of the coalfields. The absentee landlords, the corporations, generate wealth that is more subtle; their power and earnings remain more constant. In West Virginia, one-third of the private land in the state, some four million acres, belongs to 24 out-of-state corporations or land companies, all of them tied to mineral production. Twelve out-of-state mining companies produce 60 percent of West Virginia's coal. Their power extends to a strong hand in the assessing of property taxes; the bases for those taxes are often 40 years out of date.

The wealth of J.R. and Claude Canada, and the power of distant corporate empires explain and contrast with the poverty of Pike County. Eastern Kentucky's educational system is the worst in the nation. Health care is totally inadequate. More than a third of the housing is substandard.

The main street of Pikeville is settled territory. The buildings are small. The entrance to the major department store needs repair; raw beams and corrugated sheet metal are exposed. The temperature is in the 90s. The humidity is oppressive. At nearly every corner, there is a group of men. The mines have chewed them up and spit them out.

Each man has a story: "I been out of work about six months—got laid off—when I run into a foreman I used to work for. He promises me a job, tells me to report to his company next day. I go, get a pink slip for the physical, go to the doctor. They won't take me; the doctor says I got black lung. So I go to the black lung people. They say I don't got black lung bad enough. They won't pay me. But the company won't hire me. Unemployment won't pay me; they say I can work. But no one will give me work. Six months with no job and no money. Six months with a family to feed."

The company won't hire you because when you finally qualify for black lung benefits, the company you are working for has to pay. The government won't pay you because your black lung isn't serious enough yet. And after you've got it, and the government doctors certify your inability to breathe, the average time to process a claim is two years.

The money in the mines is good. Everyone tells you that. A man can earn $50, $55, $60 a day. And after 20 or 30 years, he can stand out on Main Street, in the 90 degree heat, and struggle to breathe.

Down the road from Pikeville, in another Kentucky town, Dianne McKnight worried about her husband, coal miner David McKnight. "I'd been having these dreams about him being killed in the mines. I'd wake up screaming and crying, and I'd automatically put my hand over to see if he was really there and it just seems like I just wanted to cling to him."

On March 9, 1976, David McKnight died with 14 other men in a coal mine explosion. Dianne continues: "I had a dream here the other night. It was so real like he was right there with me. I woke up and he was gone."

The money in the union mines is good, and in the nonunion mines better. Pikeville has never taken much to the unions. Fierce, proud, violent, as close to anarchic as boom-and-bust and sudden death can take you, the miners here have rarely organized. In Letcher County, the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) organized at Scotia; the company broke the union fast.

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The coal operators hate the unions, disdain the government.

Without union protection, and trust in the government, miners face the dangers of the mines. They go down to the roof that may be unbolted, to the coal dust that may fill the air, to the electrical cables that may short, explode, or burn, to the darkness cut only by the lamp on their helmets. Men work under top 30 inches high. To move, they must crawl. They carry their dinner buckets in their teeth. They ride to the coal face in seams so low that a raised head can mean sudden death. They direct continuous miners, 35-foot monsters that claw coal from the face, ingest it, and dump it in the nearest carrier. They never know whether a co-worker lies ahead of the machine. The temperature isn't bad but the dust and the moisture and, most important, the fear—of falling roof, of explosion, of being crushed by machinery—are there.

One hundred fifty-five men died in American coal mines in 1975—a rate three times that of any other American industry. In 1976, the rate of fatalities exceeds that of last year. The rate in 1975 was higher than that of 1974. Nonfatal injuries happen about as often as they did in the 1950s. The rates for fatalities and disabling injuries is consistently higher than those in the coal mines of Germany and Great Britain. A UMWA official, using government statistics, estimated that up to 35,000 men suffered disabling injuries last year in the US—about one out of every 10 men that work in the mines.

Constant tragedy may not harden people, but it does numb them. And the tragedy has been constant. Six hundred one dead in two 1907 explosions: Congress created the Bureau of Mines in 1910 with a mandate for safety research. One hundred nineteen dead in three 1941 explosions: Bureau of Mines officials could accompany state inspectors into the mines. One hundred nineteen dead in a 1952 explosion and fire: the Bureau of Mines got the right to carry out some inspections on its own. Seventy-eight dead in a 1968 explosion: Congress passed the toughest occupational health and safety law in the nation's history, the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act of 1969.

With the Scotia explosions in March, the pattern continues. Today Congress is preparing to revise the Act. The House passed its bill, a bureaucratic switching of responsibility, on July 30. The Senate bill, S.1302, awaits debate on the Senate floor. The legislative process goes on far from the main street of Pikeville. Its finespun phrases will determine whether tragedies like that of the McKnight family continue.

There have been many failures of the 1969 Act. Two weeks after the Scotia disaster, Arnold Miller, the president of the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA), testified before the Senate subcommittee on labor that, of some $48 million in penalties levied against coal operators, only $11.6 million, or 24 percent, had been collected. "Even worse," he said, "on the average these assessments have been settled for 23 cents on the dollar."

At Scotia, when coal reportedly was selling at more than $30 a ton, fines amounted to less than two cents per ton. To pay all the fines assessed at the mine, Scotia needed only 43 minutes of production. Even deaths were cheap. In three fatal accidents since 1969, the company paid only one fine. As one UMWA official put it, "At current prices, Scotia must produce only 40 tons of coal—about 15 minutes worth of production—to offset the cost of a fatal accident."

A major problem with the 1969 Act has been the officials who have administered it. The major qualification of Nixon appointee James Day, head of the Mining Enforcement Safety Administration (MESA) was that he directed Nixon's campaign in Arlington, Virginia. Edward D. Failor qualified for his post as chief of assessments through political ties from his days as a lobbyist for coin-operated laundries.

The Board of Mine Operations Appeals is the Department of the Interior administrative body that interprets the Act. None of the three members of the Board had coal mining experience or any public connection with coal mine safety before his appointment. One was an aide to Sen. Len B. Jordan (R, Idaho), another an aide to Undersecretary of the Interior Kent Frizzell, a pro-industry advocate, and the third a Federal Communications Commission lawyer.

Another problem of the 1969 Act was that it failed to give the coal miner a means—the private right to sue—to enforce the Act himself. S.1302 does not remedy that failure. A private right of action would allow a miner to sue for damages he suffered because of violations of the Act. It would offer economic incentive for coal operators to comply with safety standards, and compensate injured miners adequately. Today when a miner has been negligently injured or killed, he or his family is entitled only to Workmen's Compensation and maybe Social Security. In a number of coalfield states, the maximum Workmen's Compensation hovers at the poverty level. The maximum that a widow with children from Scotia receives is $96 a week. If she remarries, even that payment ceases.

Neither the 1969 Act nor S.1302 insures that miners will know of the rights that federal law provides: to refuse to work in unsafe conditions, to call in a federal inspector, or to invoke other protection. In the six-year history of the act, only two nonunion miners have formally invoked their rights. In their case, information about their rights was limited to posters at the mine. One miner had not seen the notice; the other was illiterate. They found out about their rights only by chance from a federal inspector.

Fines that deter, a private right of action that insures effective deterrence and adequate compensation, education that informs miners of their rights—none of these are new ideas. Why does neither the House nor

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Senate bill include them?

Much of the answer lies in the ambivalence and disarray of the proponents of mine safety reform. The reformers recognize how great a step forward the 1969 Act was. Opening the Act to amendment, they felt, created the danger of counterattack by the coal lobby. Arnold Miller testified before the Senate subcommittee on labor that the UMWA considered offering numerous changes, but decided against it for fear that the operators would "gut" the Act.

The paucity of new proposals in S.1302 resulted not only from fear of a counterthrust by the coal lobby, but from disorder among the proponents of mine safety. A bitter internal power struggle preoccupies the UMWA. Accusations of lax enforcement and of fault in the explosions at Scotia have put those in the Department of the Interior who advocate mine safety on the defensive. Those gains now in S.1302 may be lost in conference.

L. Thomas Galloway & David Cohen

L. Thomas Galloway is a public interest attorney at the Center for Law and Social Policy who has represented the non-union miners referred to in the article, the Council of the Southern Mountains, and the widows from Scotia. *David Cohen* is a second-year student at Harvard Law School.

Saying No to the 20th Century

Party Without a Country

by Henry Fairlie

One expects a great political party to enjoy the century in which it lives and must act. When the British ambassador to Greece in 1944 complained that he felt as if he were living on the top of a volcano, Winston Churchill sent back a cable asking him where else he expected to be living in the 20th century. Gusto for the times in which we live: that is what one expects of a party. But the Republicans don't have it.

Almost the whole of 20th-century conservatism has been a grouse against the modern age; at best a disdain for it. It is of course a tumultuous age, but he is a man of frail spirit who is not enthralled and even exalted by being alive in it. Some of the greatest ideas with which man has questioned the universe, his own place in it, and his own nature, have been working themselves out in our own lives: from Darwin to Marx to Freud to Einstein. No wonder we are sitting on top of a volcano, as Churchill said. Hot though the seat may be, at least we can see a lot from it. Yet all we get from 20th-century conservatism—especially as it is represented in a work like Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, which was supposed to herald a rebirth of conservatism in America—is T.S. Eliot's plaint against the modern age: "We are the hollow men. . . ."

The sour political voice of William Faulkner especially runs through the conservative spirit in America in this century. One can hear the whole false prophecy, of a past age, in this Faulkner groan: "We—Mississippi—sold our state's rights back to the federal government when we accepted the first cotton price-support subsidy. . . . Our economy is not agricultural any longer. Our economy is the federal government. We no longer farm in Mississippi cotton fields. We farm now in Washington corridors and Congressional committee rooms." Every false note is there.

The great English political journalist of the 19th century, Walter Bagehot, once wrote a magnificent passage about the Cavalier (the predecessor of the Tory in England), and about his love of life; and at the end of the passage, Bagehot addressed modern conservatives and said to them that if they wished to spread conservativism they should "Try a little enjoyment." I will say this for the *National Review*, when it engages in the day-to-day polemics of politics, that it "tries a little enjoyment." It is not as lusty as it once was—the responsibilities of respectability now appear to weigh as heavily on it as the responsibilities of advertising his English vocabulary seem to have weighed on William Buckley, Jr.—but it still enjoys a good fight. When one turns to its philosophizing, however, one is in a dread world of alarm, and fear, and distrust, of all that now *is*.

The party and the political movement that are supposed to be the most patriotic, and accuse their opponents of being unpatriotic, in fact seem to detest their country as it now is, in the time in which it is. Everything is wrong about it; it is going to the dogs. It

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would be hard to tell what the conservative in America really likes about his country at the moment, except that it allows a few people to make a lot of money. He is about the last person on the Fourth of July who could say with any genuine pride, "Come home, America," because he does not really much like it here. It is no wonder that conservative expatriates, from Eliot to Santayana, occupy so large a part in the American conservative's pantheon. Faulkner was what the French would call an "internal *émigré*" in his own country. But if one turns to the "new conservatism," he is always allowed his platform to moan.

At its most simple and harmless—as he was indeed a man who had little harm in him—one finds this dislike of the times in which we live as little more than nostalgia. Writing to René de Bonand on May 21, 1936, Robert Taft said that he supported Landon as the Republican candidate, because Landon "believes that thrift, industry, and intelligence produce happiness today as they produced it in the horse and buggy days"; and of course the phrase "horse and buggy," on to which high-spirited men like Harold Ickes immediately fastened, dogged Taft all his days, although he showed considerably more attentiveness to what was going on around him than is always acknowledged. He did not hold his political base together in industrial as well as rural Ohio without understanding what was going on in a city like Cleveland.

No, the nostalgia for the "horse and buggy" days is not what one means. At the Republican convention in 1940, Bruce Bliven of *The New Republic* very early saw what was seriously wrong: "In a dozen ways, the delegates to this convention showed that their dominating emotion was hatred—hatred of Roosevelt, hatred of the New Deal, hatred, it almost seemed, of the 20th century."

This hatred of the 20th century, growing out of the feeling that one did not belong to it anymore, that it had been preempted by *enemies*—enemies in politics, enemies of the spirit—produced the fear that has been an ingredient of both Republican and conservative attitudes ever since. In 1956, Willmore Kendall—put forward by the conservatives as a political philosopher—described himself in the *National Review* as one of those "who believes the United States—and the world—are on the edge of catastrophe." His language was always despairing: ". . . . when the Communist glacier finally overtakes us." If one believes in a free society and a free government, one had better believe in the warmth of its free people, and the ability of that warmth in time to melt any glacier that tries to freeze it.

This fear of the century and the country in which they live accounts in large part for the willingness both of the Republican Party as a whole and of the conservative movement to sustain for so long, and certainly not energetically to oppose, the campaign of Joe McCarthy. There are always the accusations that any American who wishes to use the powers of the federal government to some positive purpose in the interests of those who are unprivileged is a "Socialist" or a "Fascist" (both words were indiscriminately applied to the New Deal) or even a "Communist." This accusatory spirit has not died: on television, shortly before the Republican convention this year, John Tower used the word "totalitarian" to describe Jimmy Carter. I do not believe these are dishonest accusations; I almost wish they were. I think they come from a profound fear of, and therefore hostility to, the times in which we live: that they are paranoiac, and therefore menacing in power.

One would expect a great political party to be sure of the preeminence of politics: to recognize that political action is the highest form of social action, even if only in the last resort, and in particular that politics enjoys a supremacy over economics. This is one of the fundamental differences between the conservative in England and the conservative in America; between the Conservative Party there and the Republican Party here. It is not only that the conservative in England—especially the Tory—believes that strong central government is necessary, he also loves politics. He has politics in his blood; he delights in its rushes and rallies; he delights in his opponents; he delights in skirmish and battle; he could never call his opponent a traitor. But this is exactly what the conservative and the Republican in America are always doing: finding traitors in their countrymen who happen to be their political opponents. I do not think that the "enemies list" of the Nixon administration was a peculiarity of his own libidinous distrust of humanity. It came out of his party: its distrust of its century; of its country, its system of government, its politics and its people; and of its opponents. But above all, out of a distrust of itself. Much of Watergate was simply the result of a great party having surrendered itself to a man who had no close association with it. In many ways, during the past half-century, the Republican Party has remained strong: in state and local government, and in Congress even in spite of the fact that it has usually been the minority. Taft was a very powerful and expert minority leader; and Melvin Laird welded a conservative force in the House that carried on the tradition. But somehow, as a national party, intended to occupy the White House, preferably with a majority in Congress, its record has been one of failure; and again I think that the reason is philosophic.

One has to believe in the supremacy of politics if one is to engage in politics. But if one concedes the supremacy to economics, or to business, in the same way as it was once conceded in Europe to the church, then one is lost. I often wondered what is wrong with Gerald Ford, which the voters, even those within the Republican Party, sense and express, until I recalled Tocqueville's devastating comment on King Louis-Philippe, that "His politeness was extreme, but without

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discrimination or dignity—the politeness of a tradesman rather than of a prince." If one translates "prince" into "president," the criticism is as surely one of a certain diminishing attitude to politics as Tocqueville certainly intended it to be of the bourgeois regime he was describing.

In one of his many expostulations at the stupidity, as he saw it, of the Republican Party in general and its conservative wing in particular, Eisenhower once said—in fact, we are told that he said it many times—of its representatives in Congress: "don't the darn fools realize that the public thinks the dollar sign is the only respected symbol in the Republican Party?" Again, in one of the earliest of his homilies to his cabinet, on March 20, 1953, he warned its members: "Now, we've all got to remember that we're called the business administration. In fact we invited that description, and it's fine—up to a point. But the word *business*, in most people's minds, is totally dissociated from the word *humanity*." He was a surprising and complex man, beneath the public image he cultivated.

As often with Eisenhower, it is hard to withhold a smile. He was an able and even cunning politician in many ways, but one never quite knows what weight to give to many of his words. After all, one of the marks of his administration was, as Rchard Rovere put it at the time, that "Once Eisenhower has found a first-class automobile dealer, cotton broker, or razor manufacturer, to head a department, he has acted as if the public interest has been satisfied and his own responsibility discharged." But the smile gives way to pondering, because Eisenhower's continual struggle with the right wing of the Republican Party was that of a man with unusual, if unreliable, political sensitivity.

"Those Republican right-wingers!" he exclaimed once. "Take this Simpson [Rep. Richard M. Simpson] in the House, always plugging for higher tariffs. He's spending $45,000 a month in charge of Congressional campaigns, and he hasn't got a damn Republican elected yet." To William Knowland he said: "I'll support you for governor—but not a damn thing higher than that." Since one can hardly regard Eisenhower, although he was a representative of the "Eastern Establishment," as a flaming liberal, the severity of his remarks must be given weight, and anyone who has read the evidence cannot doubt that he simply thought they were dumb politicians: that they did not know how to win elections as well as he did.

As his administration drew to an end in 1959, one of his campaign strategists put down for the then chairman of the Republican National Committee what he called "Material for Off-Record Speech to Businessmen." It was a severe document in which Robert Humphreys said that "if I had to choose between businessmen and politicians as to which had more integrity, I would lean toward the politicians." He also said that "the belief of businessmen that politics needs business methods' is one of the great fallacies." Another of Eisenhower's advisers, Emmet John Hughes, noticed the moment when "the awful truth about business-like methods came, at last, to be suspected [by some members of Eisenhower's cabinet]: politics might not be *like* business." What is more, one may point out that it was not only these who distrusted the influence of business. With his usual individual insight, Taft wrote to Ben McGiveran on June 20, 1951: "I don't like to talk much about 'free enterprise.' That has too much the meaning that businessmen shall be able to do as they please." And as Eisenhower constructed his cabinet, Taft again wrote: "I don't like the fact that we have so many businessmen."

But one notices these voices because they are exceptional. Republicans in general, conservative or liberal, do not allow politics this preeminence. Far more than actual differences in policy, although these of course matter, this is the essential difference between the two major parties in their attitude to the economy and therefore to the business world. Instinctively the Democrats acknowledge the preeminence of politics over other forms of social action, over other realms, whereas the Republicans do not; and it is hard to know, not only how a party that denies that preeminence can govern well in the long run, but why it should wish to govern, and so why it should wish to gain power.

Ezra Taft Benson, as Secretary of Agriculture in Eisenhower's cabinet, gave so diminished a role to political action that he resisted the pleas to relieve the farmers' distress during a drought in the Southwest with the sublime plea: "We're doing all we can—we just need rain." His general policy was so negative that even other members of the cabinet, such as Douglas McKay at Interior and Sinclair Weeks at Commerce confessed that they "saw little virtue in taking conservative principles so literally as to assure, in any national election, the loss of 50 or 60 midwestern electoral votes." When the Republicans in Congress voted to slash the appropriations for the Office of Education in HEW, Eisenhower erupted into another of his searing comments: "If any of those darn fools were running for reelection right now, they'd lose the vote of every liberal in the country, and that includes me." On another occasion he sardonically said that it was clear that the American people would always prefer to have the Democrats in charge of "domestic matters." And again one must add that on such questions as public housing and public education, and the federal aid they required, Taft was impelled by his recognition of people's needs to move to a position far different from that of today's conservatives.

One cannot expect to be a great political party unless one intends to govern, as there could never be any doubt that Theodore Roosevelt always intended to govern. This is why the cry against "Washington" is a false cry for any political party to raise; and I may add that one could tell very early that it was not the appeal

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that Jimmy Carter was making, for if ever a candidate, by his words and his bearing, made it evident that he intends to govern, that he is a politician intent on creating and using a political will, it has been he from the beginning.

What is more, this antagonism to government, and even to politics, puts the Republican Party into a false position. It reduces it to a party of response, rather than of initiative, a difficulty that even Russell Kirk has acknowledged: "One of the many troubles with the Republican Party is that it rarely takes up a burning issue until the Democrats have seized upon it—and then only to mutter, 'Yes, but not quite so fast.'" His own remedy for this predicament—that the Republicans should be more ideologically conservative—is in the end no remedy at all. It still leaves the Republicans as a party of response: slowing down or undoing what the Democrats have done or intend to do. It also leaves people wondering why the Republican Party ever wishes to occupy the Presidency, instead of being satisfied with an obstructive role in Congress.

This is a difficulty Taft himself never managed to resolve. He was clear and consistent in his criticisms of the power the Presidency was accumulating, not only as the result of the New Deal, but as the result of an interventionist foreign policy and of war. It is probable that he would have opposed the Vietnam war from the start, and certainly he would not have run the campaign Goldwater ran in 1964. He was often carried away on this issue, saying as late as May 20, 1940, that war would be "more likely to destroy American democracy than to destroy dictatorship." But at least he was consistent in this, carrying his fear of an expansive Presidency into his fear of foreign entanglements. The attitude of the conservatives who have followed him has been inconsistent: attacking a strong Presidency while at the same time urging intervention abroad, and the same inconsistency runs through their constant demands for less government spending *except* on the military budget. They seem to want an imperial Presidency abroad and a docile Presidency at home, and still ask to be trusted with it.

But even Taft was unclear on this issue. In 1939, he said that "No one can question the duty of the Executive to propose a definite program. The policy-making power of the President has always been the most dynamic force in American progress," words either of the Roosevelts would have echoed. Again, when he finally lost the nomination in 1952, he wrote to Elsie Asbury on August 6, 1952 that he was "greatly disappointed. . .I think a President today has a hundred times the power of a Senator, and I believe that only through the Presidency can one secure the carrying out of the policies in which you and I believe." But what policies if, by its philosophy, the Republican Party has reduced itself to the role of response and not initiative?

The veto is not a policy? Or is it exactly the only policy to which a conservative President must be reduced, as he responds but does not initiate? In fact, one of the strange aspects of the 1976 election is that an incumbent President seems to be campaigning, not on what he has done and would like to do, but against what the Democrats in opposition have done while he has been in office. Even as the leader of the incumbent party, Ford has all the appearance of being the leader of an opposition party, trying to gather in the protest votes. This is an extraordinary position for the Republican Party to put itself in; but it seems less extraordinary when one considers how deep in its philosophy the idea that it is an opposition party is embedded: opposed to this century, opposed to contemporary government, opposed to political action, opposed to winning elections, opposed to itself as an instrument of political will.

There is much more that could be said, but in the end one must add that one would expect a great political party in a democracy to have learned to "Trust the People," the slogan of the Tory Democrat in England since the days of Disraeli. My doubt, which I have wished to correct by my reading of American conservative literature in this century, is not whether the Republican Party trusts the people, but whether it does not actively distrust them: whether it does not know them at all and not knowing them, fears them.

It is only a party ignorant of its country that could have so disdained, and thrown away, the black vote since it first began to lose it in 1928. It is only a party ignorant of its own country that could have so neglected the ethnic groups, after they first began to pull away to Al Smith again in 1928, and imagined that they could be permanently brought back into the fold by trumpery appeals to "ethnic heritage" in the late 1960s. It is only a party ignorant of its country that could have failed for so long to appeal to the fundamental conservatism of the working class in any country, a conservatism Disraeli understood from the beginning, and on which the Conservative Party in Britain has built its power in this century.

It is not just advancing prosperity—the Republican Party has always placed too much reliance on "prosperity" as an electoral appeal—and higher incomes that define these and other people. They are complex but whole individuals, less with "ethnic heritages" than with long folk memories. They know—even the younger of them by folk memory know—who was with them when the going was rough, and so are capable of making the deduction that the same people may be trusted to be with them when the going gets rough again, as it has become rough even in the suburbs. Folk memory is not eliminated by a move to the suburbs; and one of the gifts of the Democratic Party, one that comes out of its very heart and soul, is that its folk memory is long.

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What the conservative Republican, especially, has forgotten—and it is he who is riding his party now—is precisely what he would claim to have most to teach his party: that people can and are moved by attitudes and persuasions, memories and hopes, that sometimes contradict, and certainly cut across, their perceived economic interests. The conservatives, perhaps even more than the liberals in their party whom they challenge, have reduced the voter to the very self-interested "economic man" they take the posture of detesting. Every one of their electoral strategies is built on the mere accumulation of group interests they believe to be dissatisfied. This is not how a majority party is built, because it does not appeal to the greater part of what any person is.

The idea that the support Roosevelt built for the New Deal—a support on which the Democratic Party can still call, when it keeps its senses—was no more than a coalition of interests that he appeased is one of the most misleading myths in American political writing in the past 40 years. Behind those interests, Roosevelt, not only because of the man he was, but because of the party the Democrats had become since Wilson, searched out the individual humanity in each, common to all.

Like a true aristocrat, he did not believe that one became an aristocrat by affluence, or by moving to a suburb; he believed that one is an aristocrat by knowing and remaining who one is. (If one wishes to know the difference between an aristocrat and a Republican, one has only to read the "Fala" speech of Roosevelt and the "Checkers" speech of Nixon, in which both spoke of their dogs.) As Roosevelt put his coalitions together—rather than any single coalition—he never forgot this: hence the remarkable freshness of his speeches today, as he seems still to be speaking directly to us. Roosevelt knew the complexity of political man, as he gazes on his government, and goes into the polling booth station to record his judgment.

But the Republicans refuse to allow any preeminence to this whole political man who records his vote. Their philosophy divides the whole individual precisely into the mere accumulation of individualist impulses that they affect to distrust. There is a profound sense in which the Republicans, conservative or liberal, never know to whom they are talking, or know even themselves as they nervelessly try to understand who they are.

Is There a Burger Court?

by Nathan Lewin

In the Supreme Court, hard cases are usually left for last. The Court works through its calendar during the year, issuing decisions on relatively routine matters as opinions are written and the justices arrive at an easy consensus. But the questions on which the Court is closely divided—those that generate sharp differences and are subjects of public controversy—are not so comfortably resolved. The Court has a self-imposed rule that every case argued during a term (which begins in October) must either be decided before the summer adjournment or be scheduled for a totally fresh argument the following term. This is the rod that disciplines the most powerful judges in the land—those who run on what Richard Nixon called the "fastest track." From mid-April—when the Court's oral argument sessions routinely end—to June, the Supreme Court views itself as galloping down the homestretch to adjournment. Flabby opinions are whipped into shape; weak, tentative and uncertain votes on cases under consideration are tested, changed or stiffened; and occasionally results are altered by a last-minute shift of one or two crucial positions.

How long the process takes from mid-April to adjournment is one sign of how readily the nine Justices are able to agree—or to decide respectfully to disagree. Opinion-writing takes time, but if positions are firmly fixed, majority and dissenting views can probably be drafted and published in time for a mid-June recess. Delay beyond that date reflects shades of difference within voting blocs more often than technical difficulties in particular cases.

This year the Court closed shop on July 6—the latest date for a routine adjournment in modern Court history. In both 1971 and 1974, the Court met until the

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last day of June, and these were late closings compared with the record of 25 years ago. Between 1949 and 1955 (the last years of the Vinson Court and the first under Earl Warren), the Court's average adjournment date was around June 10. Only in 1974, when it convened an unusual argument session in July to decide the *Nixon Tapes* case, did the Court extend its term into July.

There were eight working days between June 24 and July 6, and the Court appeared publicly on each of them to announce rulings. Forty-one argued cases were decided in those concluding days—almost one-quarter of the full year's docket. In only two of these cases did a single opinion speak for all the voting members of the Court; in five others there was total agreement on the result, although some justices felt impelled to state different reasons for arriving at their conclusions. The 34 remaining cases produced 110 different statements—some indication of the fragmented fashion in which the Court is now arriving at judgments.

Some Court-watchers have concluded from the results in this final flurry of opinions that an alliance speaking for the "Burger Court" has finally been forged. The five men appointed since 1969—Chief Justice Burger, Harry Blackmun, Lewis Powell, William Rehnquist and John Stevens—are, in varying degrees, to the right of center. It is generally supposed that they vote together on the conservative side of the Court's cases, thereby giving it an automatic five-member majority.

The popular assumption is only superficially true. In one sense, there is substance to the notion that there is now a "Burger Court." The Chief Justice is an infrequent dissenter. Of the 34 split decisions rendered in the Court's last eight days, he disagreed with the majority in just five (two being only partial dissents). No other member of the Court was so seldom on the losing side. Rarity of dissent is one indicator of success. The late Hugo Black, a frequent dissenter in the late '50s, found it necessary to announce less disagreement by the mid-'60s. Earl Warren wrote or joined dissents 24 times in the Court's 1960 Term, but only seven times five years later, when there was a majority of the Court in agreement with his positions.

But the current Chief has been outvoted on some of the year's most important decisions, and no one knows how many other dissenting votes he withdrew as part of the Court's internal bargaining process. He would, for example, have upheld *all* the death penalty laws that were under challenge in the Court this past term, not just those which had established procedures for determining rationally whether execution fit the individual offender and his offense. A majority of the Court (including conservatives Powell and Stevens) ruled that "mandatory" capital punishment laws, which prescribe death as the invariable penalty for certain kinds of first-degree murder and other aggravated homicide regardless of individual circumstances, are unconstitutionally inflexible. This five-to-four decision affects between 10 and 18 states and leaves convicted murderers under death sentence in those jurisdictions in a form of temporary legal limbo.

The reported decisions in the capital punishment cases bear witness to the shifting alignments within the Court. Justices Brennan and Marshall were two solid votes against the death penalty; they have consistently stood by the position that any execution in this country as a penalty for crime is now "cruel and unusual punishment" that violates the Eighth Amendment. The death penalty abolitionists needed three more votes from among the five post-1969 appointees and Justices Stewart and White. When the Court had last passed on the question, in 1972, Stewart and White cast the decisive votes against the death penalty (together with Douglas, who has since retired), but they rested their conclusion on the irrationality and freakishness that accompanied the actual imposition of the death penalty. Stewart then summed it up: "These death sentences are cruel and unusual in the same way that being struck by lightning is cruel and unusual." All four Nixon appointees voted in 1972 to uphold capital punishment, with each writing a separate opinion.

Death penalty laws were modified or totally redrawn after 1972, and some states decided that the best way to eliminate unpredictability and freakishness was by excluding all individualized discretion and condemning to death *all* those convicted of first degree murder. Other states tidied up their laws by listing a large number of considerations that juries and judges were required to take into account in deciding whether someone guilty of first-degree murder should be put to death. Both kinds of laws were attacked on constitutional grounds in the latest series of death penalty cases.

The very talented lawyers who represented the death-row inmates did not, in their arguments to the Court, point up the differences that ended up being crucial for the "swing" justices. Trying to win the votes of Justices Stewart and White, they maintained that irrespective of the kind of law enacted—whether mandatory or discretionary—there was still too much leeway in the actual infliction of punishment to permit execution of anyone. The lawyers insisted that even a jury having no discretion to avoid imposing a death penalty could return a verdict of not guilty, that a prosecutor could prevent possible infliction of a death sentence by charging a defendant with less than first-degree murder, and that a governor could, at the last minute, exercise executive clemency to prevent an execution. For these reasons, they said, actual executions would still be randomly and freakishly imposed under the revised laws.

Both Stewart and White rejected this argument, but the combination of Stewart, Powell and Stevens devised an argument of their own that resulted in the

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invalidation of the "mandatory" death sentence statutes. Taking literally the descriptive term "mandatory," the swing bloc of three justices concluded that compulsory execution for specified crimes was a regression to an earlier less enlightened era and to laws that were uniformly abandoned in this country more than half a century ago as "unduly harsh and unworkably rigid." On this account, they said, such inflexible punishments were unconstitutional as contrary to "evolving standards of decency."

It will make an ironic footnote in the history of the drive to abolish capital punishment that death penalty laws attacked by advocates as granting too *much* discretion were found invalid because they gave too *little*. This wry twist does not appear to have been expected even within the Court. Reading closely the various opinions issued on July 2, one may speculate from their style and substance that there was, at one time, a majority within the Court to sustain all the death penalty statutes. Portions of Justice White's opinions—which would have reached that result in all five cases—read as if they were written for a Court majority; they include, in various instances, detailed factual and procedural histories of the cases and they enumerate and reject the defendants' various constitutional arguments in the form usually found in majority opinions. More interesting, even, than matters of style is Justice White's failure to discuss the argument made in separate opinions by Justices Stewart and Stevens that "mandatory" statutes are unconstitutionally rigid. That position—which threw out the laws of a dozen or more states—is ignored by everyone on the dissenters' side except Justice Rehnquist, who wrote an opinion speaking for himself alone.

There are other peculiarities that call for explanation. The opinions for the three swing votes in the five capital punishment cases are strangely parcelled out among the three justices who joined in them. The three decisions sustaining the death penalty under "discretionary" statutes are written by Justices Stewart, Powell and Stevens, respectively. The discussions for the same bloc of three when they invalidated laws in North Carolina and Louisiana that prescribed compulsory executions were written by Stewart and Stevens. This kind of distribution of opinions in interrelated cases is unusual. Why didn't Stewart write all five—just as White wrote for the most conservative bloc (Burger and Rehnquist, in addition to himself) in all five cases? Justices write separately when they want to express slight shades of difference, but not when their views coincide as completely as the five opinions speaking for Stewart-Powell-Stevens in the death penalty cases.

One possible explanation is that the three swing justices wanted to make a show of sharing the blame. There have been times in the Court's history when opinions have been intentionally assigned around—or jointly authored—to make it clear to the public that no single justice should be charged with responsibility for an unpopular result. But the Solomonic ruling in the death penalty cases—under which some death-row prisoners will, presumably, be executed while others may yet be spared—was hardly so controversial as to require a public manifestation of collective responsibility.

A more likely explanation, which fits with other circumstantial evidence, is that the compromise ruling was a last-minute affair, and that the work was assigned out among the bloc of three simply in order to get it done on time. This would also explain why White's opinion—probably written well in advance of the Stewart-Powell-Stevens effort—deals with the arguments made by the attorneys in the cases and with the Brennan and Marshall positions, but not with the distinction drawn by the centrist bloc of three. Only Justice Rehnquist—who has a reputation for being a fast worker—was able to respond before the Court term ended.

If the decisions were initially assigned to Justice White, there must have been at least one tentative fifth vote in support of capital punishment under any form of revised law. Whether it was one, two or three justices who slipped away before the cases were decided, the death penalty cases are at least some indication that the conservative views of Burger and Rehnquist are not in absolute control on important issues.

Of course, the "mandatory" execution cases were only a small battle that was won while the war was being lost. Capital punishment may, by Supreme Court pronouncement, now be constitutionally imposed under a proper statute. States that guessed wrong after 1972 are free to redraft their laws and execute convicted defendants. In this regard, the Chief Justice has won a major victory.

Another life-or-death subject produced a more enduring defeat for Warren Burger. Justice Harry Blackmun, the author of the Court's landmark 1973 abortion ruling, again wrote a leading opinion on the constitutionality of abortion laws. This one dealt with various forms of "regulation," rather than with the total prohibition on abortion that had given rise to the earlier decision. Speaking for a Court majority of five (and occasionally six), Blackmun invalidated, on constitutional grounds, statutory provisions that 1) prohibited saline amniocentesis, the abortion method that is used in 68 to 80 percent of the post-third-month abortions performed in this country, 2) required the aborting doctor to preserve the health of the fetus regardless of its "viability," 3) required parental consent for any abortion performed on a woman under 18, 4) required a husband's consent for any abortion performed on a married woman. The Chief Justice was in a minority on all these questions, along with Justices White and Rehnquist, who had disagreed with the 1973

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ruling. White's opinion in the more recent case, which had Burger's concurrence, purported to accept the 1973 decision, but the arguments made in it—including the charge that the Court was acting not only as "the country's continuous constitutional convention but also its *ex officio* medical board with powers to approve or disapprove medical and operative practices and standards throughout the United States"—sounded much the same as those the dissenters had made three years ago.

A more limited dissent to the abortion ruling was announced by Justice Stevens, the Court's newest member. He would have allowed the state to require parental consent for a minor's abortion and would have rejected the saline amniocentesis restriction on more narrow grounds that the quasi-medical judgment made by Justice Blackmun. Otherwise, he agreed that the Constitution prohibited requiring the husband's consent and the rescue-of-the-fetus obligation. The Chief Justice did not go along with this painstaking dissent, but chose instead to ally himself publicly with the extreme views of White and Rehnquist. This lends some credence to the rumor that Burger was, for a long time, an ardent opponent of the 1973 pro-abortion decision, and that he made vigorous efforts to keep the case from being decided as it was—switching his vote at the last moment (with an unsatisfactory one-page concurrence) to avoid the appearance of being substantially outmanned on an issue that had generated great public outcry. Opposition to abortion is more respectable today than it was in January 1973, and even Justice Blackmun's opinion sustained various "regulatory" measures that look more like inhibitions or deterrences than straightforward regulation.

How often the Chief Justice has squelched dissents or separate concurrences at the last minute and joined the prevailing side is not known, and there are two sides to the question whether this is a suitable practice. The art of compromise on a collegial continuing body such as the Supreme Court might justify flexibility. A justice may be more persuasive in bringing others around to a strongly held view in case *B* if he is willing to yield to them in case *A*—particularly if his vote will make no difference in case *A*. On the other hand, purists insist that each case is entitled to be judged on its merits. If a justice disagrees with either the result or the reasoning stated by a majority, he owes it to posterity and to the parties in the case to state his position.

One case of those in the collection of the last eight days in which Burger was not reluctant to state his views was the constitutional ruling that local patronage dismissals of county employees in nonpolicymaking jobs violated the employees' constitutional rights of speech, belief and association. On its face, the majority's reasoning can hardly be debated. It would plainly violate the First Amendment if a Democratic sheriff, on taking office, discharged all Catholics and Jews in the office, or if he fired everyone who subscribed to *National Review* or was a member of the American Legion or of the NAACP. Why is it any different if he fires all Republicans? The answer is that patronage has been part of the political process of this country as far back as anyone can remember. Justice Powell, who wrote the principal dissenting opinion on behalf of Burger, Rehnquist and himself, insisted that patronage dismissals have "contributed significantly to the democratization of American politics." He argued, with some force, that before the development of patronage appointments, an "aristocratic" class had dominated political affairs, and that patronage had provided the incentive for ordinary people to participate in the political process.

The Chief Justice thought it necessary to add a personal view to Powell's forceful and intellectually respectable opinion. The Court's invalidation of the local patronage system was, Burger believed, "a classic example of trivializing constitutional adjudication" and would, together with other "inroads on the powers of the States to manage their own affairs," have the necessary effect of "complicat[ing] our system and centraliz[ing] more power in Washington." Not even Justice Rehnquist—the ideologue of the right and a staunch believer in local autonomy—agreed with the view that constitutional adjudication was being "trivialized" by the Court's decision or that the patronage dismissal issue was too local a problem to deserve constitutional consideration by the Supreme Court. The ultimate constitutional question is a difficult one, and Powell's view cannot be cavalierly dismissed. But it is hard to see any basis for maintaining that the issue should not be weighed and resolved by the Supreme Court.

The Chief Justice made himself the Court's spokesman in only three of the 41 cases decided in the concluding eight days. One of the three decisions was most extensively covered by the press—possibly because it involved press rights. In the Nebraska "press gag" case (discussed in these pages, *TNR*, Dec. 27, 1975), Burger wrote a cautious opinion on the side of the angels—striking down the Nebraska court's gag rule—bringing with him even Justice Rehnquist (who now seems less ready than he was at first to be a solitary dissenter). The decision says that orders prohibiting the press from publishing public judicial proceedings are to be avoided—"the barriers to prior restraint remain high and the presumption against its use continues intact." The chief justice could not, however, attract Stevens—who lined up closely with the more liberal opinion of Justice Brennan (joined by Stewart and Marshall). And even Justices White and Powell, agreeing with the Burger opinion, were prompted to state independently that they would have gone farther than Burger had in prohibiting future restraints of this kind. These individual bursts of independence belie the notion that there is tidy coalescence in a "Burger Court."

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Wayning

The Shootist (Paramount). Age is scenting the American cinematic air. Pictures about young people predominate of course, and always will, because youth is sexier and youth has a wider range of options; but middle and old age, which have always been part of the subject matter of foreign films and used to be anathema in American ones, are at least now looked at once in a while. Probably this new Old Wave began as world-famous stars survived and not many younger equivalents came along to succeed them. Most of these veterans were male because custom in our culture, both social and sexual, is kinder to men than to women.

This Old Wave began to be perceptible in the Western. If I had to pick a starting point it would be Peckinpah's *Ride the High Country* (1962) with Joel McCrea, then 57, and Randolph Scott, then 59. The Wave has since moved into fields other than the Western (*The Sunshine Boys* with Walter Matthau and George Burns) and is sufficiently rooted for producers to try "old" pictures without real stars (*Harry and Tonto* with Art Carney). But it centers on the Western, like *Rooster Cogburn* with John Wayne and Katherine Hepburn, and it rolls again in *The Shootist* with Wayne.

This Western is untraditional in more than the age of its star, although it's not radically revised in ethos, like *The Wild Bunch*, or in structure, like *Little Big Man*. It is, after all, a Wayne film and must go through certain essential movements toward a predictable conclusion. But because of the change in the general climate some of the language and furbishings have been opened up.

So we get a Western—the first?—that contains the word "cancer." Wayne plays a famous gunfighter who comes to Carson City in 1901—the century is turning, folks—to have a medical diagnosis confirmed; and learns that he has only a few weeks to live. The picture thrums with references outside itself: it begins with a chronological series of clips from Wayne pictures showing him gunfighting and also getting older; also we know that Wayne himself was cured of cancer several years ago. (Or as he put it unforgettably: "I beat the big C.") With that visual prelude and that mention of the dread disease, an extra dimension—of our knowledge and experience of the star's career—is added to the picture, the way Lunt and Fontanne could count on extra audience collaboration whenever they played an old married couple.

More modern frankness about the Old West: Wayne tells us that the red cushion he carries is one he stole "from a whorehouse." Imagine that in a 1935 Western. As he waits in his boarding-house for the end, he is visited by a former lady-love who had apparently worked in a like establishment. True, he rode off with such a woman at the end of *Stagecoach*, in 1939, but we were carefully shown beforehand that she had a heart of gold and that she was leaving the Life. This woman (Sheree North) is shown as no good and getting worse.

Out of this view of the past that reflects the vantage point of the present, a touching elegaic film might have been made; but this script is absolutely awful. Once we learn the truth about Wayne's condition, we know that the plot of the picture will find a way for him to die significantly. That inevitable ending couldn't have been built more clumsily. Instead of contriving elements in Wayne's past that converged on him here, the scenarists have clumsily built a final shootout with three heavies whom they pluck out of the woodwork and shove into position. Only one of them, played by Richard Boone, has any sort of grounding in the story: Wayne killed his brother years before. But even Boone has just been sitting around; he gets interested in revenge only because Wayne comes to town. The other two targets aren't much more than that—we can see them being hoisted into place.

This obtrusively carpentered script, by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale from a novel by Glendon Swarthout, also tries for a little last-minute sad romance between Wayne and his widowed landlady, Lauren Bacall. Aside from the fact that Bacall sounds more like Happy Rockefeller than a 1901 Nevada landlady, and is less appealing, again the authors' positioning and pumping are painful. Ron Howard, as her teen-age son, supports the falseness of his scenes with the falseness of his acting. (His adulation of Wayne has some dim echoes of that excellent Western *The Gunfighter*.)

The pleasures of the film, and there are some, come mostly from the geriatric gallery. Wayne is good. He has always been a bit better actor than was generally allowed by those who couldn't stomach his films, always a good manager and dispenser of his persona. Now, although his nose has gone Fieldsian, he still manages his persona capably, still makes his listening and speaking fit two requirements: what the scene demands and what the audience expects. We know that he knows he's an institution, but it's a fairly well-run one.

James Stewart, almost equally stellar, who is not thought of generally as an action star though many of his films were Westerns, takes a supporting role here, the doctor who gives Wayne the bad news. In this relatively small part Stewart serves up a large measure of Stewartisms—stammerings, broken phrases, repetitions, the marvelously preserved adolescent voice that seems always about to break back nervously into boy soprano. I once had a doctor whose hands shook, but if I went to one who stammered and gurgled like Stewart, I'd get out pretty fast. Oh, well, that's a realistic cavil: it's not supposed to be a credible characterization, just another veteran star coming out of retirement to strut his stuff alongside an old pal; and it's enjoyable enough.

John Carradine, once the gambler who traveled in the stagecoach with Wayne in 1939, makes a brief appearance here as an undertaker. Two other

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. Incredible plot with stock reporter-characters, still it's nattily done.

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings. Warm sprawling fun about black baseball players pre-Jackie Robinson.

The Clockmaker. French film about the father of a young murderer and the detective in charge of the case. Politically glib but exceptionally moving.

Silent Movie. Mel Brooks' best—less frenetic, so amusing much of the time, with a kind of companionable charm.

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familiars of Western territory, Harry Morgan and the aforementioned Boone, help to people the environment.

Don Siegel, a favorite of the *auteur* critics, directs with passable competence except for one shot at the end. When Ron Howard comes out of the shootout saloon, the camera is at ground level and pans along with him as he passes. I guess it's supposed to make us feel that the boy has matured: all it did was make me think of Siegel, straining, and getting nothing but sunspots for his trouble. Special applause to Douglas Stewart for his excellent design, inside and out. Bruce Surtees photographed, with lots of sunset-years gold.

The Ritz (Warner Bros.). Ten years ago Richard Lester made a film of a stage musical, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, two hours of clash between his cinematic gifts and a theatrical form. Now it's happened again with *The Ritz*.

Terrence McNally's amusing farce (*TNR*, March 1, '75) was about a Mafia vendetta plot that bustles into a luxurious homosexual Turkish bath in New York. McNally has transferred it to the screen without much alteration, which may be part of the trouble. When Lester made a film of Ann Jellicoe's good comedy *The Knack*, he and the gifted Charles Wood exploded the play to bits, then picked up the pieces and fitted them into a new and brilliant cinematic shape.

The Ritz is a bastard. The theatrical shape of the script is more or less retained, and on it Lester keeps imposing his cinematic urges, as he did in *Forum*. He keeps cutting in for close-ups and two-shots, for details of people hiding under beds, which is like closing in on a clown's eye and losing his face and body action. The best moments of *The Ritz* are its long shots—in short, when it's most like the stage.

From the Broadway cast come Jack Weston, as the pudgy harassed hero, Rita Moreno as the pathetically tempestuous Puerto Rican entertainer in the baths, and F. Murray Abraham, as the comedy queen of the establishment; but the only one who travels moderately well from stage to screen is Weston, and even he suffers from Lester's insistence on cutting instead of letting him cut up.

B.H. Haggin on music

Van Cliburn

What I occasionally refer to as Haggin's Law—that you can't keep a bad man down—is depressing; but even more so is the converse—the good man who *is* kept down. A prime beneficiary of the law is Daniel Barenboim; the outstanding victim of the converse is Van Cliburn. Some years ago, when Barenboim's performances of Beethoven sonatas in the concert hall and on records were reported in the press to be those of a gifted artist who at 25 exhibited the maturity of a performer twice his age, I pointed out that maturity in a pianist meant discipline, the rarest of a performer's gifts, and the crucial one whose control of the others produced a coherent conception of a musical work in his mind and achieved an accurate realization of this conception from his instrument. As it happened, one of the Beethoven sonatas recorded by Barenboim, Op. 81a *(Les Adieux)*, had been recorded also by Cliburn—which made it possible to hear the contrast between the disciplined Cliburn operation that produced the progression in which one note led to the next with unfailing cohesive tension, continuity of tempo and volume, rightness of relation in what emerged as a coherently proportioned shape of sound in time; and on the other hand the lack of discipline evident in Barenboim's preoccupation with the effect of the particular moment without regard for any relation to the moments before and after, which resulted in a progression without continuity, cohesive tension and coherent shape, exhibiting what could be characterized as the immaturity of a performer half his age. But in the press that credited Barenboim with the matured musicianship he clearly lacked, Cliburn

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was not conceded the matured musicianship he clearly possessed.

This erroneous opinion of Cliburn began with his return from his triumph in the Moscow competition of 1958. He had won in Moscow with performances not only of works for the display of virtuosity like the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 and the Rachmaninov No. 3, but of sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven and Chopin's Fantaisie in his solo recital; and his greatest moment in Moscow, he told an interviewer, had been his having to get up four times to acknowledge the applause after his performance of Mozart's Sonata K.330. The celebration of his triumph in New York, however, was limited to a single concert with orchestra at which he played the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos; and his not adding the solo recital with the pieces by Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin turned out to be a bad mistake. For its result was the idea which the reviewers formed of him as a brilliant virtuoso who had yet to acquire the matured musical understanding needed for the performance of Mozart and Beethoven—which conceivably they might not have thought if he had played the recital with its Mozart and Beethoven sonatas after the concert with the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos.

For my part, even with only the performances of the concertos to judge by, I heard the playing of an extraordinary musician, who treated those display works as Toscanini treated a Sousa march or Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody—as pieces of music in which he employed the same musical powers as in Mozart and Beethoven. And as it happened the musical powers that Cliburn employed in the concertos were astonishingly like Toscanini's: a similar plastic sense in the shaping of a progression that gave it unfailing note-to-note continuity, cohesive tension and coherently proportioned structure. When the performance of the Rachmaninov concerto was issued on an RCA record I kept playing the cadenza of the first movement, fascinated by the shaping of the progression, and the build-up of tension in it, through the alternation of gradual acceleration and deceleration of tempo—most remarkable and overwhelming in the climactic pronouncement of the movement's principal theme. And I was certain that the musical powers Cliburn exhibited in this trashy music he would exhibit in the music of Mozart and Beethoven—as in fact he did in the recorded performances that followed, each of which made me aware of something more that was extraordinary in his operation as a musician, while the reviewers continued to report his musical immaturity.

Thus when the performances of a number of pieces by Chopin were issued on RCA LSC-2576, Irving Kolodin, in *The Saturday Review*, pronounced them no better than one would hear from any number of students at the Juilliard and Eastman Schools; but I had to report that in all my years of concert-going I had never heard a performance of the Polonaise Op. 53 like Cliburn's on this record. Its distinctive characteristic was its elegance, in the sense in which that word is used of a mathematical demonstration to describe its economy, its reduction to absolute essentials. One heard, that is, instead of the traditional flamboyant modifications of tempo and volume, a disciplined holding of the grace and lilt and plasticity of the piece within the limits of perfectly proportioned shape—a shape, moreover, in which, as in a Toscanini performance, every note, whether of melody or accompaniment, fell into place with absolute accuracy of timing and sonority. This elegance, once I perceived it in the performance of the Polonaise, I continued to hear in all of Cliburn's playing.

From the performance of the Ballade Op. 47 on the record I learned another such characteristic of his playing. Listening to Ashkenazy's recorded performance of the introduction of this piece, one could not imagine it being played more sensitively and beautifully; and so I was astounded, when I listened to Cliburn's playing of it, by his additional subtleties of timing and inflection. And again, what I heard for the first time in this performance—that Cliburn perceived and revealed more in a piece of music than other great musicians did—I found myself hearing in all his playing. Another example of it, in Chopin's Sonata Op. 58 on RCA LSC-3053, was his powerful inflection of the left hand's counter-melody in the middle section of the Scherzo, which I could not recall hearing in any other performance. Moreover the style of his playing in the entire work was one I had never heard in another performance. The first movement was usually played as if Chopin's direction were *Allegro appassionato ed agitato;* but Cliburn, like Rubinstein before him, and unlike other pianists, perceived that the direction was *Allegro maestoso;* and this produced not only the grandly declamatory style of the opening of the movement, but the maintaining of this style in the movement's lyrical sections, and in the movements that followed. And once more what I first perceived in this performance I found to be characteristic of all his playing: he enunciated music with a grandeur that was uniquely his; and he did this with whatever music he played.

But the performances that made me increasingly aware of his towering stature as a musician continued to elicit only condescension and denigration in the press. It was true that he was open to criticism—not for the way he played music, but for the music he did not play. One could, that is, expect him to employ his great powers in the great works that required them: the concertos of Mozart, the last sonatas of Beethoven, the late sonatas and smaller pieces of Schubert, the Fantasy, Symphonic Etudes and other major works of Schumann. And he could be criticized for letting the years pass without even a beginning of the fulfillment of this expectation—without his adding a single one of those works to what he had learned as a student and repeated year after year in his recitals. But what was treated with condescension and worse in the press was the great performances of the works of Beethoven and Chopin he did perform (which, a friend has suggested, may have discouraged him from playing the greater works). The performance of Chopin's Concerto No. 1 that demonstrated to Harold Schonberg of *The Times* Cliburn's lack of understanding of how such a work intended to show off the pianist's virtuosity should be played, and that demonstrated to Winthrop Sargeant of *The New Yorker* his lack of understanding of the Chopin style, actually was one that impressed me not only with the elegance of its grandly impassioned enunciation of melody but with the scaled down execution of brilliant passage work that

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demonstrated Cliburn's understanding that one didn't play such passage work in a concerto of Chopin as one did in a concerto of Liszt. And the performance of Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in which Sargeant heard the *rubato* relasticity in tempo carried to the point of incoherence was one in which I heard every note, in the powerfully sculptured playing, in the place allotted it in the emerging shape by a mind with a complete conceptual grasp of that shape and complete control in its achievement.

I had no interest, last January, in hearing Grieg's Piano Concerto even as it would be played by Cliburn with the New York Philharmonic under Previn, until I read Donal Henahan's report in *The Times* that it had been no more than an "absent-minded run-through. . .by the Cliburn-Previn duo" for its repetition the following night in the first "Live from Lincoln Center" telecast, and that Cliburn in particular had given an "uninterested— and uninteresting— reading" of the piano part. I found it impossible to believe that Cliburn and Previn had regarded a Philharmonic concert as an occasion for anything less than the best they were capable of; and my disbelief was strengthened by my recollection of the excitingly impassioned performance of *Don Carlo* I had heard Abbado conduct at the Metropolitan, which Henahan had reported the next day as having been "conducted slackly and without passion." Feeling certain that Cliburn and Previn would perform in the telecast as they had performed at the concert, I decided to watch and listen to the telecast. And so I saw Cliburn's intense concentration and heard the grandeur of his playing in the inconsequential work—a moving operation of extraordinary human powers that left me in tears and with my throat too constricted for speech.

Forty years ago the English critic W. J. Turner wrote that without detracting from the merits of great conductors like Nikisch, Weingartner, Strauss, Bruno Walter, Furtwängler and Klemperer he would say Toscanini was a unique phenomenon. And with full recognition of the greatness of Schnabel and Edwin Fischer in the past and Ashkenazy and Pollini today I would say Cliburn is another unique phenomenon.

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Books Considered

Why Not The Best? by Jimmy Carter

(Bantam; $1.95)

The South, as the old saying has it, has risen again, and with quick-rising flour at that. But as with Confederate money, it is not advisable to accept Jimmy Carter at face value, and there is no better guide to The Who? behind the Chesire Cat smile than this book, written, as the Democratic candidate for President tells us, "in his own words." The governor's prose lacks that magisterial, orotund quality often associated with politicians south of the Mason-Dixon Line, and it is doubtful if any of his sentiments will find their way to the entablatures of public buildings. But *Why Not the Best?* is a classic of its kind, nonetheless, a mixture of the heroic with the pastoral mode that is endemic to the mythic layer of the American identity—as the emergence 200 years ago of the farmer-soldier named George Washington should testify. Moreover it is a Southern myth primarily, and is therefore a mixture essential to an understanding of the meaning of Carter himself, as Jimmy Who? becomes Jimmy What Next? and How? For what the governor of Georgia has written is very much in the vein of Virgil's *Georgics*, a paen to the virtues engendered in the grassroots, a recommendation that we put rural rectitude where it belongs, that we take the boy out of the country and install him in that neoclassical monument built from American pine, the temple of our democratic faith, the White House, which henceforth shall be collard-green.

Carter, as he tells us, comes from down on Bicentennial Farm, where life "during the Great Depression," when he was growing up, did not differ much from the pastoral round followed by Wiley Carter, who staked out the family land "shortly after the Indians moved out around 1830." As a child of nature cast in the shape of Whittier's barefoot boy (the poet, not the town in California), Jimmy Carter is the prime time stuff of American heroics, shucking his overalls for, first, the uniform of the US Navy, next, the lab coat of a nuclear physicist, then the sweaty shirtsleeves of a Georgia state senator, the business suit of the governor, and—always on Sunday—the sober garb of a lay preacher in the Baptist Church. But a peanut farmer born is a peanut farmer raised to whatever high office is finally reached, and Carter's Georgian roots remain deep in georgic soil. That, after all, is the great American tradition, for from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln and on to Harry S. Truman and Dwight David Eisenhower, a little red clay on the feet helps to make tracks to the Oval Office. It is endemic to the Cincinnatus imagery associated with the founding of our Republic, where a hand on the plow is worth two in the till.

Since it is as an avatar of atavism that Carter recommends himself to us, even to the symbolic green color of his campaign buttons, let us start with his old-fashioned rural boyhood, which was as he tells us a page from out of the past, a leaf from *Leaves of Grass*. We have the strong, capable, sternly-just Father, the good Mother, the kindly, inspiring Schoolteacher, but most important we have an agrarian idyll in which endless hard work and good clean fun are inextricably blended. Carter continually emphasizes the productive closeness of Man and Nature down there in Archery, where a "day's work" included "opportunities to explore the woods, fields, and swamps, to fish and hunt, to harvest wild fruits and nuts during their seasons." Even his toys are offcastings from the world of work or symbols of the pastoral condition, like the barrel hoops he rolled or the haymows he slid down. Though something of a Huckleberry Finn, whose "playmates all were black," a legion of Jims with whom Carter "hunted, fished, explored, and slept," the Georgia boy had none of Huck's aversion for hard work nor any of Tom Sawyer's mischief. His humor is rather in line with his Horatio Alger heroics, being a grim smile fighting back tears, as when a mean man got him to step with his bare foot on a burning cigarette. And like an Alger hero, he took great satisfaction in parleying a boiled-peanut business into "enough money to purchase five houses, owned at the time by the estate of the recently deceased local undertaker. From then until I left home to enter the Naval Academy, I collected $16.50 in rent each month from those five houses."

In the esthetic of rural Georgia, utility not beauty is in the beholder's eye; "We enjoyed a highly diverse farm industry producing watermelons, peanuts, cotton, sweet potatoes, sugar cane syrup, honey, wool, goose feathers, milk, meat

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from hogs and cattle, blackberries, fruits and vegetables, timber products, and processed items from these raw materials." Even the Carter front yard was a scene of rural abundance, filled with "dogs, chickens, guineas, ducks, and geese," and in the back yard were "pecan, mulberry, chinaberry, magnolia, and fig trees . . . facilities for treehouses and climbing." That word "facilities" is the key to the whole, along with the fact that "our lives then were centered almost completely around our own family," for at the center of the home was Earl Carter, "an extremely competent farmer and businessman who later developed a wide range of interests in public affairs." "Competent" like "facilities" has a hollow sound to some ears, and "extremely competent" rings even more loudly weak, but as "facilities" emphasizes utility so "extremely competent" evokes Franklin's democratic ideal, "happy mediocrity." For competency in Carter's vocabulary is very high praise indeed, being a civilian equivalent to the Navy phrase, "well done."

According to his oldest son, Earl Carter did everything well, including the whipping of his children if they did wrong. If little Jimmy had anything of Huck or Tom about him early on—and he tells a story of stealing a penny from an offering plate at church—he had it thrashed out of him soon enough. Nor did Earl allow any silly notions about winning in this world, and though we are told that he "loved to have a good time," he was also a man who enjoyed defeating his own kid at tennis with "a wicked sliced ball which barely bounced at all on the relatively soft dirt court." The image of "Daddy" is of god-like distance and stern righteousness, for whom nothing yields to the truth. As Daddy-God, moreover, Earl Carter was not only a farmer but a merchant, selling "overalls, work shoes, sugar, salt, flour, meal, coffee, Octagon Soap, tobacco and snuff, rat traps, castor oil, lamp wicks, and kerosene," along with farm products, "such as syrup, side meat, lard, cured hams, loops of stuffed sausage, and wool blankets."

Carter relishes such catalogues, being apparently a compulsive compiler of lists, and he thereby conveys not only the impression of plenty but of completeness. A tidy thoroughness extends throughout his book, which is as much an inventory as an autobiography, organized into topic chapters like "Farm," "Military," "First Politics," "State Senate," "Governor" and "Presidential Plans," the last a balance sheet of Carter's "advantages" and "disadvantages" as a candidate. This rage for order is chief among his rural virtues, so much so that the categorical chapters interfere with the natural flow of life, resulting in a few repetitions and at least one surprise. In the midst of recounting his military career, including Annapolis, Carter suddenly informs us that "I seldom saw my new bride," and we have to wait until a later chapter for that particular category to show up.

Carter's love of system and categories may be traced back to his military training, to the shipshape Navy Way. If his father provided a model of rural virtue, Carter's Master in the mystery of Gung Ho was Hyman Rickover. Even those who have not read the book are familiar by now with the anecdote Carter tells concerning the interview he had with Rickover when applying as a young Navy officer for "the finest billet available to any officer of my rank—the development of the first atomic submarine." Having humbled Carter by demonstrating his ignorance on a number of topics, Rickover asked him how he had placed in his class at Annapolis: "I swelled my chest with pride and answered, 'Sir, I stood fifty-ninth in a class of 820!'" Rickover responded by asking, "'Did you do your best?'" to which Carter answered, honestly, "'No sir, I didn't *always* do my best.'" The admiral, he tells us, "looked at me for a long time and then turned his chair around to end the interview," asking as he did so the question that has given the Democratic candidate for President a motive for his life and a title for his book—"'Why not?'" If the story is a strange variant on George Washington and the cherry tree, for Carter it was the equivalent of being handed a Zen koan, "which I have never been able to forget —or to answer."

Rickover provided the gyroscope that would correct his course henceforth: "He always insisted that we know our jobs in the most minute detail, which is really a necessary basic characteristic of good submariners." Neither "tactful nor timid in his demands upon the Congress," Rickover in the conduct of his professional life "was unbelievably hardworking and competent (N.B.), and he demanded total dedication from his subordinates." Carter tells us proudly that as a submariner he was a member of "an elite group," for though the duty was "tough, dangerous, and demanding . . . we submariners liked the service, enjoyed the physical and personal closeness, and were proud of the high standards and professional demands made on us. Though Earl Carter's death brought Jimmy back to Georgia and to "a potentially fuller opportunity for varied public service," it is clear that the long shadow of Hyman Rickover followed him home.

When he went into politics Carter's Navy experience became a kind of Yellow Submarine, an ubiquitous vehicle enlisted against the legions of Blue Meanies that had taken over the government (and at least one newspaper) in Georgia. It was, as he saw it, "the common good" versus "those who have a special interest, especially if the decisions are made behind locked doors." Starting out as "state president of the Certified Seed Organization," Carter worked his way like some Johnny Sunshine Laws all the way to the top of the Georgia pile, like a latter-day Christ driving out the money-changers, the lobbyists, the pressure groups from the legislative temple in Atlanta. But if Carter's hatred of special interest groups is a familiar, down-home theme, he has given Daddy's "peach-tree switch" a Navy handle, a traditional

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military aversion to political compromise and the slow workings of government bureaus.

One paragraph from Carter's account of his "carefully-considered political strategy to win the governor's race in 1970" shows what happened when the son of Earl Carter and the disciple of Hyman Rickover ran for high office: "I helped to organize an eight-county planning and development commission, and served for several years as its chairman. I studied the techniques of long-range planning as it related to regional development. We tried to assess what our rural counties and people possessed in natural and human resources, what we would like to be in years to come, and the alternative courses of action open to us. We learned as planners to assume the roles of servants and not masters, and we also learned to combine practical implementation plans with theoretical concepts of planning." This mixture of Plains English with socio-speak is typical of Carter's political prose, and it can result in strange contrasts, as when he quotes the aphoristic wisdom of Kuan Tzu, "'If you give a man a fish, he has one meal. If you teach him how to fish, he can feed himself for life,'" and then follows through with this: "To the extent that we can distinguish between potentially productive social service recipients and those who are permanently and inherently dependent on government services, we can minister more effectively to both groups." This is the turn of mind that can conceive of a tree as a climbing "facility," and it suggests that the road from Archery to the White House has gone by way of Foggy Bottom, from which place the world is seen in terms of "groups" and "resources."

Such a world view would seem not to accord with Carter's populist sympathies for the "people," his frequently stated intention of converting impersonal government to an instrument of Christian compassion. Of his own experience of spiritual conversion he says little, for in *Why Not the Best?* being born again has more to do with Hyman Rickover than Christ, less a baptism than a rite of underwater passage. Instead, Carter emphasizes his good work as a deacon and lay reader, an ecclesiastical equivalent of his enthusiastic membership in the Lions Club, his Christian witness being categorized under the general concept of Service. While on a mission to Massachusetts, Carter had what he describes as "one of the most moving religious experiences of my life," thanks to the presence of a "Cuban Christian named Eloy Cruz." But though Cruz played Don Juan to Carter's Castenada, we learn nothing about the Way, save that Cruz told him "'Our savior has hands which are very gentle, and he cannot do much with a man who is hard.'" Carter says that "I thought about this often as governor of Georgia," and translates Eloy's wisdom into the following terms: "How can we combine the competent and efficient management of taxpayers' money with the sensitive and effective service needed to alleviate affliction and to enhance the development and use of the capabilities of our most needy citizens?"

Again, the key words are "competency" and "efficiency," which seldom are instruments found in gentle hands. Cruz also told Carter, "'You only need to have two loves: one for God, and one for the person who happens to be standing in front of you at any given moment.'" But even Carter admits that the person standing in front of him is in danger of being run over, and as for aphoristic wisdom, Carter's own contribution is the cynical "You show me a good loser and I will show you a loser." Endowed with a "natural competitiveness," Carter acknowledges that "I have been tempted to judge other people without charity since I was a small child," and his term as governor was known less for its qualities of love than for an "aggressive and combative administration." Yet the fact remains that Carter consistently identified his administration with the improvement of the lot of the lowly, not only the poor and unemployed, but the physically handicapped and mentally retarded. Whether his personal charity is perfect or not, Carter has proved himself to be the master of the systems necessary to help the poor and the sick while alleviating the suffering of the taxpayer. For Jimmy Carter, in short, "love" means "zero base budgeting."

"It meant," he tells us, "chopping the state government up into individual functions, and analyzing each service delivery system annually, regardless of whether it was fifty years old or a brand new proposal for a future program. The analyses were done on a one-page form by the person deep within the department responsible for performing the service. Each of these forms was called a 'decision package,' and within each department they were arranged in a descending order of priority . . . Each

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decision package was assigned a computer code number to describe the kind of service being delivered, which later made it automatic to detect duplications when the numbers were printed out sequentially by the computer." Carter assures us that all unnecessary "service delivery systems" (*i.e.* people) were phased out by attrition, that "no merit system employees were discharged." This perhaps is the technician's equivalent of the quality of mercy, but the fact remains that anyone who after reading *Why Not the Best?* still thinks Carter is fuzzy on this particular issue needs to have his glasses checked. Carter is about as fuzzy as an ax.

When liberals express what is becoming itself a blurred, general, ill-defined uneasiness in the smiling face of the Carter phenomenon, it is I think because they are alarmed by brevity with a blade-like gleam. From Jefferson to Johnson, the great liberal tradition in America has involved a Plan, a program with a broad philosophic reach, in recent years given a catchy-word title "New Deal," "Fair Deal," "New Frontier," "Great Society." Carter's own publicists, who to date have proven skillful in marketing peanut butter, may yet resort to such a tactic, which would undoubtedly make liberals feel a lot better. Yet *Why Not the Best?* suggests that Carter himself is more comfortable in the relatively limited role of Efficiency Expert, his pastoralism being less a creature of Jefferson's American Enlightenment than of modern agribusiness, a matter not of programs put planning. As a populist, the governor is most certainly a ritzy cracker, on whom occasional tidbits of Tillich, Niebuhr and Kierkegaard sit well, and he tells us that he reads three or four books a week. He reads them because they will be useful to him.

Carter takes pride in refusing "to compromise on any principle I believe is right" and is apparently pleased to be called "stubborn as a South Georgia turtle." He also assures us that as governor he found the most laborious tasks "components [sic] of a challenging and enjoyable experience." This humorless zest for drudgery, paired with a turtle-like capacity for straightforward movement in a littered world, provide keys to Carter's strengths and his weaknesses. For viewing the presidency as "no job for the fainthearted," he anticipates that his efforts at government reform "will be met with violent opposition from those who now enjoy special privilege," *i.e.*, who are opposed to the common good. I do not think that this is necessarily a tactical ploy, identifying those who may in the future be against him as enemies of the people; yet certainly the man who "insists that the golden rule be applied in all public matters" will need some powerful weapons at his disposal, having before him a job of work equivalent to laying out the streets of the New Jerusalem in the Augean Stables.

Governor Carter proposes to reform the machinery of government, making it "understandable, efficient, and economical," yet this utilitarian goal lacks a higher pragmatism, an understanding that a complex, pluralistic society is necessarily a structure of compromises, much as the Constitution has appended to its finely balanced mechanism a long gear-train of amendments and a huge body of laws. The man who recommends to us a foreign policy "derived from the fact that we try to be right and honest and truthful and decent" is displaying Jefferson's own worst weakness without Jefferson's overall strategy, in which America's vast resources of raw material would be used to implement a balance of power. In short, the disciple of Hyman Rickover seems to lack any philosophical frame, any larger perspective concerning the use of power—whether nuclear or governmental—beyond the Benthamite goal of doing good for the greatest number at the least expense. This too is typical of military men, who regard "know-how" as all important, never asking "Why?" but "Why not?"

Carter is a millennial man, a Mr. Smith to send to Washington. He is asking the American people for a mandate to unleash the lightning of his terrible swift zero base budget, and they will undoubtedly give it to him. But there are those of us who remember another recent call for a mandate, who detect in Jimmy Carter certain telling resemblances to Richard Nixon, who also saw himself as a Mr. Smith—even imitating Jimmy Stewart by standing at Lincoln's feet in time of crisis—as another barefoot boy from Whittier (the town, not the poet). From the days of Virgil, the praise of pastoral virtue has often underwritten the ambitions of benevolent despots, and perhaps it is time to point out the initials "J.C." can also stand for Julius Caesar.

By translating the wisdom of Eloy Cruz into zero base budgeting, Carter would seem to have done Christ one better, solving the Pharisees' riddle by bestowing the tribute money he as governor collected upon the humble of this earth. But often such sleights of hand are accompanied by other miraculous transformations, for Loaves and Fishes have a way of becoming *Panem et Circenses*. Carter, in battling the "fiefdoms" (as he quaintly calls them) of congressional power may feel the need to employ in the common good some extraordinary instruments available to the executive branch, and nowhere in his book does he disapprove those simple mechanisms of terrific leverage. "Nowhere," Carter tells us, "do you find the words 'economy' or 'efficiency' in The Constitution of the United States, or in the Declaration of Independence, or in the Old Testament or the New Testament. Not that these words are unimportant. But you discover other words like *honesty, integrity, fairness, liberty, justice, courage, patriotism, compassion, love*—and many others which describe what a human being ought to be." True, most of these words (though not all) are in the Bible and a few are in the Declaration—not including "patriotism," which may however be found in Boswell's *Johnson*. But none of them are found in the Constitution, and

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for good reason.

Sitting in Independence Hall on the 200th anniversary of the First Continental Congress, Carter thought of the great men who had sat there in 1774, and wondered "were they more competent [sic], more intelligent, or better educated than we? Were they more courageous? Did they love their land more? Did they have more compassion or concern for their neighbors? Did they have deeper religious convictions? Were they more interested in the future of their children then we?" Carter "thinks not" and we may all agree. But unlike Governor Carter the members of the first Continental Congress and those thereafter were men of broad vision and a saving skepticism, who were aware that tyranny can come in several forms, often preaching patriotism and love while reaching for power in the name of the common good. They were less concerned with efficiency and economy than with devising a mechanism of government that would in the manner of Ben Franklin's wizard wand ground the lightnings of whatever swift sword the future might unsheath.

That mechanism has recently been given a terrible test and, with a little help from a tape recorder, it demonstrated once again its superior design. But Nixon was obviously evil while Carter is apparently good, and if the Founding Fathers wisely kept God out of the Constitution, we might ponder the possible ill effects of putting Him in the White House. Liberalism in America, from Jefferson on, has placed its faith not in prayer but reason, not in a man but in mechanism—hence the emphasis on programs. But Governor Carter asks us to believe in him, who believes in Him. We should certainly distinguish between Nixon's false piety and Carter's pietism, between the base conniving of the one and the base budgeting of the other, but therein lies the greatest threat, for who can gainsay the righteousness of Carter's cause or argue with the man who talks as well as walks with Christ? Who denies the corruption of Congress by lobbyists and the committee system or the fatness of the bureaucracy thanks to large helpings of self service? But who in reckoning the need is willing to bend to the necessity? Who wishes to pay the final cost of such savings as the governor may propose? Jimmy Carter like Plains, Georgia, resembles something out of Disneyland, that marvel of rural America resurrected in gleaming plastic, the whole a wonder of efficiency and service, a vast mechanized State of Felicity. But do we want a tyranny of smiles?

Ironically, our own best hope for the preservation of the messiness of liberty may—like the worst threat against it—lie outside the system of checks and balances devised by the Founding Fathers, being namely the very thing to which the governor addresses himself in the very language of the thing itself. For like Faulkner's red clay South, the Washington bureaucracy is tenacious not only to endure but to prevail. Carter himself is very much of that South and that spirit, but like a Faulknerian hero he may contain a vital flaw, his own bureaucratic inability to regard civil servants as people—indeed as a considerable percentage of the electorate—whose quiet commitment to say nothing of cunning does indeed determine the destiny of the world. The Constitution may be shaken but the bureaucracy will survive, outlasting with a stoical shrug any single adversary, confident as the governor himself in its ability to package decisions in a convincing form.

John Seelye

The Transformation Of Southern Politics by Jack Bass and Walter DeVries

(Basic Books; $15.95)

In 1949 the gifted historian V.O. Key published *Southern Politics in State and Nation*. Key—the book is frequently referred to by the author's name—and W.J. Cash's *Mind of the South* were primers for reporters who journeyed South to cover the civil rights movement and, latterly, the evolution of biracial political coalitions.

On the first page of *The Transformation of Southern Politics*, authors Bass and DeVries explain: "Our book was written in the belief that the changes in the South since Key completed his classic work were such that only a similar approach, using his basic methodology of extensive interviewing in all 11 states, could present a comprehensive political portrait of the region as it enters the last quarter of the twentieth century."

Bass, a journalist, and DeVries, a communications professor at Duke, also cite extensive polling and computer studies in this valuable book. Were V.O. Key alive, I have no doubt that he would gladly endorse *Transformation* as a sequel to his own work.

The great development that caused the new temper of Southern politics was the ascent of blacks into politics, and less so, the South's economic structure. The most instructive sections of *Transformation* show politics of accommodation emerging from the hell and fury of the last decade. George Wallace, posturing as a real populist, delivering on conventional political deals to Alabama blacks and labor leaders. Jaimie Whitten, the Mississippi delta congressman, backslapping veteran activist Aaron Henry and praising his insurgent party, which tried to strip Whitten of his seniority in 1965, as "progressive." And finally the slide of Lester Maddox and lesser crazies, whose redneck supporters have slowly begun to understand the burdens they share with the black poor, and how politics has caused them.

The social message that rises from these pages is that of a region, once steeped in tragedy and guilt, suddenly growing into a sense of *self*, as a land of shared rootedness and common hopes. Perhaps the most quoted man in *Transformation* is Andrew Young of Georgia, a disciple of Dr. King, now a congressman and maker of presidential candidates: "It seems to me that Martin Luther King's death was something of a turning point, of white people suddenly being willing to come around . . . I sensed then that whites wanted to help, but didn't know how."

There is a very legitimate renaissance of political enlightenment and human awareness happening in the South at this time. A political reaction to it has been the hardening of conservatism within the Republican party, that has drawn away many moneyed and recalcitrant white Democrats. Bass and DeVries are commendably objective in their treatment of Republican politics. They conclude that "potential for two-party growth will be achieved only if dynamic and skillful leadership develops within the Republican party and only if the GOP can offer candidates of ability with solutions to problems."

The weaknesses of this book result from omissions of information. DeVries and Bass don't analyze the concentration of wealth and investment by non-Southerners in the South. (Robert Sherrill did a good job in his chapter "An

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Interlude: Money" in *Gothic Politics in the Deep South*, 1968.) The chapter on Louisiana, for example, ignores the incredible theft of state money that went into the building of the Superdome in New Orleans in the early 1970s. The dome was built at a $140 million cost overrun, is now four million dollars in the red, and was nearly sold by Gov. Edwin Edwards to a suspicious California financier two months ago. A monument to conflicts of interest, the dome also signifies a considerable shift of money and political influence from rural parishes to sin city. It is also a sad example of how an otherwise decent mayor, Moon Landrieu, threw himself behind a ripoff project which never would have happened in other states. Landrieu is lucky the national press has ignored his role in dome politics so far.

I found another omission in the chapter on Mississippi. DeVries and Bass conclude that the 1971 election, in which Charles Evers ran for governor on a slate of 300 independent blacks, was a failure because only 50 were elected to low local offices. An analysis of that election by the Delta Ministry of Jackson concluded otherwise; a record number of blacks voted and were elected; significantly, they did it alone. Liberals of Evers' party, like Hodding Carter, III and Patt Derian, deserted the Loyalists' campaign at the outset.

The current of populist rhetoric running through parts of the South today is something Bass and DeVries should have discussed in more depth. For generations, Southern liberals have dreamed of a coalition of blacks and poor whites to unite under a standard of racial and political unity. Now that the race barrier is decaying, legitimate populism has surfaced—*viz.* Henry Howell's gubernatorial try in Virginia—but what are the long term prospects? Shortly after liberals deserted Evers in his quixotic Mississippi campaign, the candidate got behind a remarkable coalition of black and white pulpwood haulers, some of whom were members of the Klan. Evers lost; the wood haulers, with help from the NAACP, won new pay increases through their strike. The liberal dream was fulfilled without liberals.

The Transformation of Southern Politics was already in page proofs when Jimmy Carter won the Democratic nomination. But Carter's rise seems in keeping with signs of a mild populist mood that has taken root in the South today, outstepping the cautious moderation of the region's congressmen. A pivotal factor in Carter's march to New York was the successful building of a biracial coalition in the Florida primary, where he beat George Wallace. As Bass and DeVries document, it is a strategy many politicians in the changing region have begun to employ.

Jason Berry

Jason Berry is the author of *Amazing Grace: With Charles Evers in Mississippi* (Sat. Review Press).

Propaganda: The Art Of Persuasion In World War II by Anthony Rhodes

(Chelsea House; $25)

Watching *Casablanca* for the fifth or sixth time the other year, I began to understand something that had never occurred to me before. Those familiar faces, the Italian, craven though still comical; the ambiguously divided French, still unsure which way to turn; the clear black and white villainy of the Germans in the background; all reflected our foreign policy at the time the film was made, with an accuracy that was all the more stunning for its subtlety. The Italians were enemies, but they could be expected to come around; the Vichy French, though we had recognized them all too long, would give way to better Frenchmen, though exactly which ones was still unclear. It was as if a directive had gone from Washington to Hollywood, from the same script-writer-in-chief who had decided that the Russians were courageous allies, the Japanese soldiers invariably smelly and animal-like, while the Germans, no matter how beastly the Nazis, were still respectable human beings.

Who did decide how we viewed ourselves and our enemies during World War II? How were the Germans persuaded that they could fight the whole world, the British that They Could Take It, the Americans that they should buy war bonds and save tin foil. (I remember the tiny pellet of foil that would slowly grow as I stripped my father's increasingly rare cigarette packets until finally I had a lump the size of a tennis ball that seemed a decent contribution to the war effort. Years later I felt a vicarious sense of betrayal when I read that the British, who had been persuaded to hand in their pots and pans, had responded so overwhelmingly to the call, that no use could be found for all the scrap metal that had been so enthusiastically collected. But Lord Beaverbrook decided not to tell anyone. After all, the scrap drives had been a grand way of mobilizing the public, which was what mattered.)

So we were all mobilized, a nation at war, a people in arms. The Russians did not need to be mobilized, nor did the British need to be told they were in danger. In each country the propagandists had a different task. What they did and how they accomplished it is the underlying theme of this lavish new book.

At first glance, *Propaganda* seems an exciting volume. The publishers claim, rightly I believe, that this is the first time that visual material from all sides has been gathered in one book. Though the text by Anthony Rhodes is relatively brief—a short chapter on each of the three leading Axis and allied powers and one on the occupied countries—it accompanies a vast number of pictures, over 550, of which 270 are in color. Here are many of the familiar images of war, from Donald Duck's searing critique of Adolf Hitler (accompanied by Spike Jones' rendition of "Der Führer's Face") to the exhortations to avoid careless talk. The illustrations include the most familiar themes, along with much that I have never seen before, from a marvelous series of Japanese pornographic drawings aimed at Australia, to a red, white and blue factory poster, urging American workers to "stop stealing tools; that crew will need them in combat."

Unfortunately, the pleasure one gets from a first look at the book does not hold up. Admirably designed and printed as the book is, it has been structured in a way that severely limits its usefulness not just for historians, but for general readers. It's a great shame that a book that could have tried to explore the questions raised by its marvelous images, ends up being too much of a coffee table book.

I wonder whether the British author saw the pictures in this book before writing his text. There is so little coordination of text to image; many of the pictures referred to in the text do not appear in the iconography and vice versa. Nor is this helped by captions that

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are largely inadequate and at times inaccurate. More important is that the pictures do not seem to have been chosen in any structured way. There are so many gaps that the readers cannot really tell what was the main intent of the propaganda in any one country. The British posters, for instance, are nearly all limited to relatively mundane home front subjects, much on the danger of undetonated bombs, but very little on the great themes of British propaganda: courage, resistance and, perhaps most important, a better world to come. Likewise the American selection, on closer examination, is a motley one, leaving out some of the most effective propagandists, both private and public. Can one think of the Pacific war without *Terry and the Pirates* or of civilian mobilization without rationing, hoarding and the black market.

As far as I can see, the illustrations have been chosen primarily as pictures, or to give an impression of universality, rather than on their historical meaning or importance. Thus we have some very lovely Czech, Belgian, French and Yugoslav posters, all issued in New York and, one suspects, seen only by those who visited information offices there.

To be fair, it would have been very difficult to do justice to the subject and Rhodes' short text tries hard to summarize much that has been published on the subject. But he seems really at home only when dealing with Italy, on which he has written elsewhere. In its way, the brief essay on film and the filmography by William Murphy appended to the text, offer a more effective use of limited space. Even its brief entries raise a number of fascinating possibilities. Though most college towns have shown *Triumph of the Will*, how useful it would be once to be able to see the 1943 OWI film, *Japanese Relocation*, or even to read E.M. Forster's script for a British government film dealing with "the story of a boy born into war and the conditions in which he . . . could expect to grow up."

Ultimately the purpose of propaganda on the home front was to define a world worth defending, one so superior it had to triumph. The German machine worked wonders while winning, but it would have been helpful to see a few posters issued when the going got rough. The Allies made much of the Atlantic Charter and what it would mean to a postwar world, but this is barely mentioned. The French and other resistance movements had to show that they would reconstruct a society that would avoid the deadly faults that had led to their defeat; faults that had been exploited so effectively by Vichy and the Germans in the first months of occupation, a propaganda battle that should have been included.

For the Second World War was, in many ways, a continuation of the prewar social and political battles by other means. In some countries, like France, the struggle became a kind of civil war. In other countries, such as England, the gradual acceptance of social revolution was a major result of the war. In its way, the *Picture Post's* presentation of the Beveridge Plan was as important a propaganda coup as any pictured here.

In the Axis countries, it was only in the early war years that such visions of the future were offered. Yet, in retrospect, some of these visions lingered far longer than anyone could have expected. When Germany invaded a Western Europe that felt that neither England nor America could come to its rescue, Goebbels offered an image of a united West, a New Order, protected against the Bolshevik horde by the might of a re-awakened Reich, a force that all right thinking Europeans should join. It would be fascinating to compare some of the posters issued in post -1948 Europe with this earlier version of a European community.

After spending some time with this book, I find myself most impressed with the images that have stayed on, with the forces that were formed or strengthened by the war and which lasted into the new era. The appeals of the Russian posters to nationalism suggest the changes in Russia that have continued to the present. While at the same time, a Europe that had been mobilized against the Russians ended up far more unified, partly because of the lessons of its weakness but also influenced by other forces. Our own propaganda machinery, however it may have been organized (a subject, I suspect, for many other books), stayed miraculously intact after demobilization, with that mysterious scriptwriter in the sky redefining our enemies well into the present.

There are as many questions left unanswered by this ultimately frustrating book as there are pictures, from the ways in which each side used pornography to the various forms of racism each exhibited, from those efforts that were based on self-deception to those that proved counter-productive. *Propaganda* does suggest the incredible wealth of questions as well as the material still available with which to try to answer them. The files, the archives, the artifacts themselves are still there, as well as many of those who created them. The majority of the images in this book are to be found in Washington, either in the Library of Congress or at the National Archives—not to mention our collective subconscious. Perhaps one day our museums, our television networks, our universities will begin to make use of these riches. How many of our ideas, our visions and our expectations would we discover moldering in those files.

André Schiffrin

André Schiffrin is managing director of Pantheon Books.

Mussolini's Roman Empire by Denis Mack Smith

(Viking; $12.95)

Dictatorships are rarely as monolithic and unchanging as we tend to recall them. Italian fascism passed through at least three major stages of development between its emergence after World War I and its inglorious collapse between 1943 and 1945. It rose to power as a network of nationalistic and brutal "squads" composed of veterans and often university youth, loosely dependent upon Mussolini's journalistic and organizational guidance, patronized by local landlords and men of property, and determined to smash by violence the cadres of the Socialist party and the agrarian trade unions in the Po Valley. As Italy's parliamentary and party system disintegrated after 1919, this movement carried Mussolini first to a partial dictatorship and by 1925-26 to the second stage of fascism: a single-party self-proclaimed totalitarian regime that made peace with the Catholic church, knit strong ties to industry, and supposedly transcended labor strife with a new corporative social order that won the applause of many conservatives abroad. By the mid-1930s emerged the third phase, always implicit but at least restrained for a decade: the *papier-mâché* and pompous imperialism, the parabola of rodomontade and courting of war that led Italy to the Pact of Steel with Germany and Mussolini to

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the summary execution of 1945.

Americans today usually remember fascism only in this last phase, which Denis Mack Smith recapitulates in his history of Mussolinian expansionism. After a brief account of Italy's prior colonial ventures, the imperialist components of Fascist doctrine and practice, and Mussolini's early mercurial diplomacy, Mack Smith concentrates on the six turbulent years from the conquest of Ethiopia to the lamentable campaigns against France, Greece and the British in North Africa during 1940-41. As Mack Smith writes, fascism is best judged by its results, not its promises, and the book concentrates on the relentless exposure of cruelty, inefficiency and self-deception: the shabbiness of empire epitomizing the brutal pretentiousness of fascism.

The basic principle of the regime, argues the author, was the manipulation of public opinion, a constant manufacture of propaganda that finally deceived the dictator himself. Mussolini ended by believing his own claims that the decadent democracies would never fight, that when they did Italy could mobilize eight, perhaps even 12 million men, that serious economic preparation for war was superfluous since victory would come swiftly and Italian fascism would impose its martial and disciplined values upon Europe and Africa.

Denis Mack Smith is the senior historian of Italy in Britain and America. His reading of this period is ruthless but accurate and valuable, for he places the blame for Italy's war squarely on the reckless *braggadocio* and ugly annexationism of a regime that vaunted its military prowess as its final justification. By extension this study undermines the over-subtle argumentation of A.J.P. Taylor, who suggested in his provocative *Origins of the Second World War* that the irresoluteness of the Allies was the major cause of hostilities. Although Mack Smith deals with a dictator who finally entered World War II only when Hitler had apparently made victory certain, his account makes it clear that the pyromaniacs and not the blundering fire fighters must be indicted for arson.

This elementary truth is also important in light of recent historiography. The major contemporary interpretation of fascism and Mussolini is a Professor Renzo De Felice's mammoth life-and-times, which in four volumes and about 3000 pages has so far carried the story up through 1936. De Felice's authoritative work began with a study of the youthful Mussolini as a "revolutionary," who passed from the left of the Socialist party before World War I to a pro-war nationalism and thence to the radical right by 1920. The subsequent volumes examined the seizure of power and establishment of the dictatorship and have now focused on the period of the Ethiopian war. Although the volumes rest upon a massive dredging of the Italian archives and beautifully illuminate key transitions in the history of fascism, they have increasingly disquieted leftist, and liberal, critics. De Felice's reconstruction of Mussolini's motivation occasionally falls back upon a dubious psychologizing and allows little scope for the cynical opportunism others stress; the description of power tends to become the rationalization of power.

In a country where neo-Fascist currents have remained a troubling political force and where the anti-Fascist mystique remains one of the few unifying themes for the left, a scholarly argument that Mussolini was a careful crafter of consensus and, if an expansionist, one whose hand was forced by inadvertence and miscalculation, was bound to become a cultural *cause célèbre*. Nor was the new assessment cloistered within the Academy. Italy's leading publishers bridge the university and intellectual circles in general—a valuablele aspect of cultural life—and in a popularized "Interview on Fascism" conducted with the young American historian Michael Ledeen, De Felice insisted upon his controversial findings and approach for a broad Italian literary public.

Mack Smith's interpretation can be read as a negation of De Felice's hermeneutic re-creation of Mussolini's decision-making. And whereas De Felice tends to credit Mussolini with seeking to balance Italy between Nazi Germany and the satiated powers of Britain and France, the English historian emphasizes that the rapacious desire for "booty" was tempered only by fitful irresolution. While De Felice stresses further how frantically the Western appeasers sought to find a "decent" way Mussolini could swallow up most of Abyssinia without a rumpus, Mack Smith reminds us that formal war, cruel enough with bombing and gas, was followed by a brutal suppression of resisting tribes. The shabby corruption, intolerant policies of the Fascist colonial administrations, the absence of any real economic rationale, finally the self-delusion in Rome about the military efficiency the African campaigns supposedly demonstrated, remain the basic reality for the British historian. The harshness of his account is tempered only by absurd propaganda: for instance, the "expert opinion" that there were seven million spinsters in Britain because they were too ugly to marry or the judgment that "the fatal decrease in births among the British, like their notorious cowardice and unwillingness to fight was due . . . to the mutilating operation of tonsillectomy."

On the other hand, one occasionally would like to have Mack Smith meet De Felice halfway and treat the history of the regime less as an indictment of crimes and follies. Illusions were certainly widespread in the 1930s: the British persisted with appeasement beyond any rational trial period: the French woefully neglected modern warfare: Stalin stunningly exposed himself to Hitler's assault of June 1941; even American foreign policy was often conducted on a level of blithe and vacuous generality. If Mack Smith turned his talents at exposé to our experience we would be rightly chastised, but would we have learned how such policy extremism is generated?

There are other difficulties as well. The many notes are hard to work with, and often it is unclear what works are actually utilized for specific points. Many of the most damaging allegations apparently rest upon memoirs that in light of the historical outcome must tend to vindicate the authors at the expense of the dictator they had recently served. Many important developments happen between chapters, such as the extensive diplomatic prelude to the Ethiopian war. Since Mack Smith emphasizes the dictator's will and foibles, there is little description of how the Foreign Ministry or other bureaucracies functioned, save to show their sycophancy. But a dictator's choices are not totally whimsical; they are structured by constituencies at home, and the greater the power, often the more dependency—the lesson of Watergate as well as the Palazzo Venezia.

In his early work on the unification of Italy and his survey of Italian national development since 1860, the British historian stressed the flawed liberalism of the new kingdom. In the course of unification, he suggested, a radical and democratic "Garibaldian" solution was prematurely rejected on behalf of an elitist "Cavourian" political system. The failure to develop a broad-based parliamentarism, the manipulation of

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tariffs and economic policy at the cost of the Southern masses, the continuing exploitation of backwardness and clientelism reinforced a regime whose leaders were especially likely to exploit an imperialist foreign policy to enhance their power at home.

In this overall interpretation Mack Smith allied with the radical critics of the Risorgimento, such as the Marxist Antonio Gramsci or the anti-Fascist émigré, Gaetano Salvemini. He dissented from the far more positive evaluation of the pre-Fascist state offered by the liberal philosopher and historian, Benedetto Croce. He emphasized the possibility for historical choice and the options not taken, more than, say, the finest historical scholar of modern Italy, Federico Chabod, who stressed the international pressures upon a new, weak state emerging in the heyday of Darwinist power politics.

In part, the present work is a logical endpoint of Mack Smith's earlier emphases. Mussolini's Roman Empire was the ugly outcome of an only superficially liberal political society that for three quarters of a century imposed supposedly higher values at the expense of broad popular development and resorted to imperialism to distract from stagnation at home. On the other hand, the author relies here upon such a personalist explanation that his earlier scholarly labors seem almost beside the point. The present work might serve as a useful Enlightenment tract on despotism: philosophy teaching by baleful example. The lessons, as noted, are worth making. But the rich texture of explanation and narrative has been simplified in this book—perhaps because Mack Smith remains so repelled by fascism—and the earlier works illuminate more about Italy than the present indictment succeeds in doing.

Charles S. Maier

Charles S. Maier teaches European history at Duke University.

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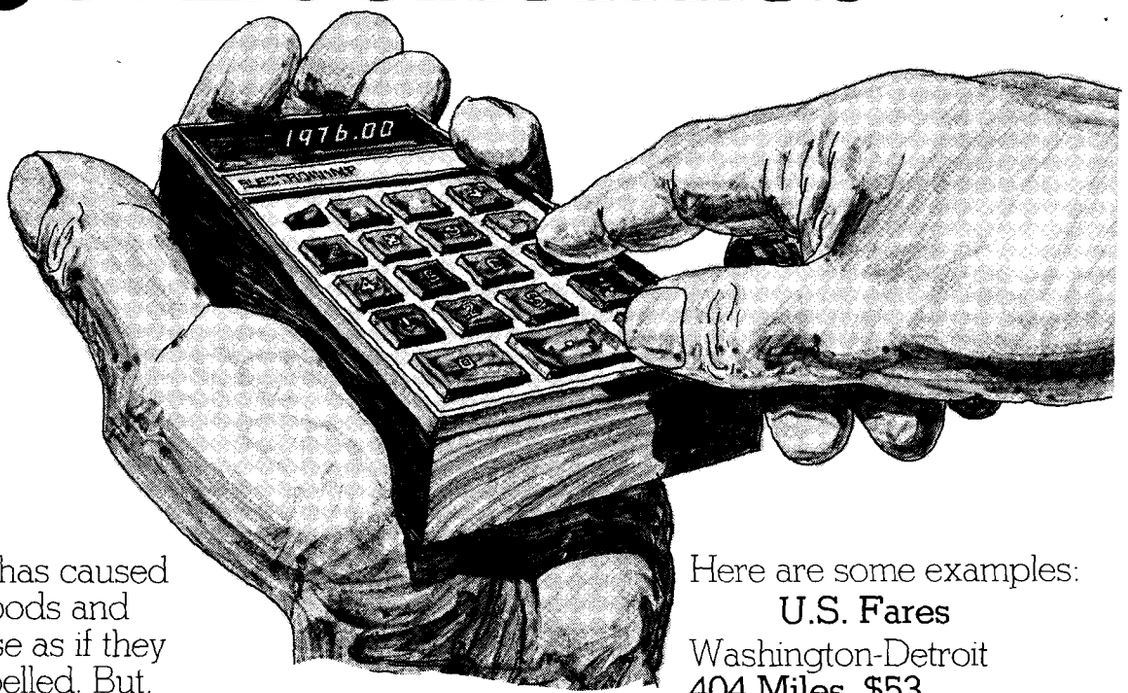
Jet Economics



Inflation has caused the cost of goods and services to rise as if they were jet propelled. But, ironically, the average airline fare has climbed very little and very slowly, indeed.

In 1975, the Cost of Living Index for all U.S. products and services rose by 9.1%. The average domestic airline fare per mile went up only 2.1%.

Through June, 1976, the Cost of Living Index has gone up an additional 6.2% and the average airline fare about 2%.

Time savings aside, with discount fares, air travel today is frequently less expensive than the cost of car, bus or train travel.

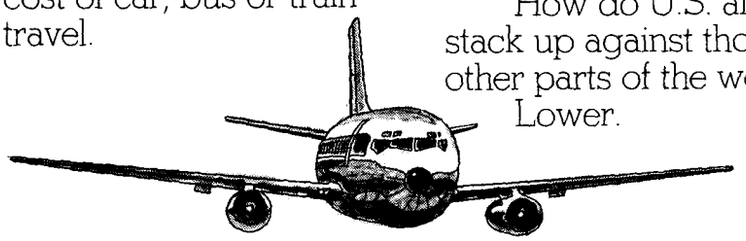
Increase in Airline Fares Vs. Other Goods & Services 1948 to 1976.

Newspapers [illegible]
Bus Fares (Intercity — Class 1) 174%
Gasoline 143%
Men's Shoes 139%
Food 129%
Electricity 89%
Hospital Semi-Private Room 774%
All Goods and Services 124%
Air Fares (U.S. Scheduled Airlines) 20%

(Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Civil Aeronautics Board, National Association of Motor Bus Owners)

How do U.S. air fares stack up against those in other parts of the world?

Lower.



Here are some examples:

U.S. Fares

Washington-Detroit
404 Miles, $53

Atlanta-Boston
946 Miles, $93

Chicago-Los Angeles
1,745 Miles, $150

Foreign Fares

Paris-Milan
395 Miles, $96

Rome-Copenhagen
955 Miles, $221

Bombay-Tehran
1,741 Miles, $254

Looking to the future, it may be necessary to adjust air fares to keep up with rising costs (jet fuel, for instance, rose 20% last year—127% since 1973). But airline ticket prices will continue to receive good marks.

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